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THE
LITERARY
MISCELLANY:
or,
SELECTIONS & EXTRACTS,
classical and scientific;
with,
Originals,
in
PROSE AND VERSE.

~~~~~

Convinced, by the most strict observation, that the mind is embarrassed by a thousand extrinsic difficulties, and sensible that a numerous library is the seat of the greatest extravagances and the most idle chimeras, we have made an election, by extracting the substance of numerous volumes, which we have included in small duodecimos; not unlike skilful chymists, who concentrate the virtues of many plants in a small phial, and cast aside the refuse. Innumerable quantities of books are made; it is our business to collect the scattered and valuable parts. The ignorant babble eternally; the learned and sagacious speak little, but *well*. *Mem. of the Year 2500.*



BY VARIOUS AUTHORS.

.....

Printed and sold by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow.  
Sold also, in London, by  
H. D. Symonds, Paternoster-row; Champante & Whitrow, Aldgate;  
Lackington, Allen, & Co., Finsbury-square;  
and all other Booksellers. 1804.

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Main

Expression, child of soul! I love to trace  
thy strong enchantments, when the poet's lyre,  
the painter's pencil, catch the vivid fire,  
and beauty wakes for thee each touching grace;  
but from my frightened gaze thy form avert,  
when horror chills thy tear, thy ardent sigh,  
when phrenzy rolls in thy impassion'd eye,  
or guilt lives fearful at thy troubled heart.

*Miss Williams.*

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO  
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*ELEGIAC.*  
~~~~~  
SHAW'S MONODY.
&c. &c.



Craig, del.

Branston, sc.

Published by G. Nicholson, Poughnill, near Ludlow,
and in London, by Symonds; Crosby & co.; Lackington & co.
Champante & co.; &c. &c.

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ANNEX 1A

1911

1911

1911

1911

ELEGY
TO THE MEMORY OF A YOUNG LADY.

BY CUTHBERT SHAW.

Yet do I live! O how shall I sustain
this vast unutterable weight of woe?
this worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
or all the complicated ills below.
She in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
is gone, for ever fled,
my dearest Emma's dead;
these eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall:
ah, no! she lives on some far happier shore,
she lives, but (cruel thought) she lives for me no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day
remov'd, would languish for my charmer's sight,
would chide the lingering moments for delay,
and fondly blame the slow return of night;

how, how shall I endure

(O misery past a cure!)

hours, days, and years, successively to roll
nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?

did ever mind so much of heav'n partake?

did she not love me with the purest flame,

and give up friends and fortune for my sake?

tho' mild as evening skies,

with downcast streaming eyes,

stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,

deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her vows.

Literary Miscellany, No. 51.

M 3572

Come then, some muse, the saddest of the train
(no more your bard shall dwell on idle lays),
teach me each moving melancholy strain,
and O discard the pageantry of phrase:
ill suit the flow'rs of speech with woes like mine!

Thus, haply, as I paint
the source of my complaint,

my soul may own th' impassion'd line;
a flood of tears may gush to my relief,
and from my swelling heart discharge this load of grief.
Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
to wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
“how good she was, how gentle, and how fair!”
in pity cease; alas! I know too well,
how in her sweet expressive face
beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
yet heighten'd by exterior grace
of manners most engaging, most refin'd;
no piteous object could she see,
but her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
while smiles of affability
endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.

Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
stranger to ev'ry female art,
alike to feign, or to disguise;

and O the boast how rare!

the secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
she ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
in sacred silence lodg'd inviolate there.

O feeble words, unable to express
her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,
with murd'rous hands deals havock on mankind,

why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow,
and leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze!
the sons of grief prefer their ardent vow;
oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
and supplicate thy aid, as I do now,
in vain. Perverse, still, on the unweeting head
't is thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
and drench in tears the face of joy.
But oh, fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
when virtue shall renounce thy pow'r;
when thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas the day! where'er I turn my eyes,
some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house, suppress my sighs,
resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:

but, ah! in vain—no change of time or place
the memory can efface
of all that sweetness, that enchanting air,
now lost; and nought remains but anguish & despair.

Where were the delegates of Heav'n, oh where?
appointed virtue's children safe to keep! —
had innocence or virtue been their care,
she had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:
mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
to see her force the endearing smile,
my sorrows to beguile,
when torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
sure they had warded that untimely dart,
which broke her thread of life, and rent a husband's
How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour [heart.

when, feeling death's resistless pow'r,
my hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
and thus, in fall'ring accents spoke her fears!
“ Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
and we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
but, oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
if e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd ear;
if, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
proud friends have frown'd, & fortune smil'd in vain;
if it has been my sole endeavour still
to act in all obsequious to thy will;
to watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
then only truly blest when thou wert so:
if I have doated with that fond excess,
nor love could add, nor fortune make it less;
if this I've done and more—oh then be kind
to the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
When time my once-lov'd memory shall efface,
some happier maid may take thy Emma's place,
with envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
and hate it for the love thou bore to me:
my dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears,
but one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow,
(oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
that to some distant spot thou wilt remove
this fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
where safe thy blandishments it may partake,
and, oh! be tender for it's mother's sake.
Wilt thou?————
I know thou wilt——sad silence speaks assent,
and in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies content.”
I, who with more than manly strength have bore
the various ills impos'd by cruel fate,

sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
but sink beneath the weight:
just Heav'n! (I cry'd) from memory's earliest day
no comfort has thy wretched suppliant known,
misfortune still with unrelenting sway
has claim'd me for her own.
But O——in pity to my grief, restore
this only source of bliss; I ask—I ask no more.
Vain hope—th' irrevocable doom is past,
e'en now she looks—she sighs her last——
vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath,
and, with rebellious heart, protest against her death.

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
how did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
with impious wish to tear her from the skies;
how curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
but whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?

Fond man, forbear,
thy fruitless sorrow spare,
dare not to task what Heaven's high will decreed;
in humble rev'rence kiss the afflictive rod,
and prostrate bow to an offended God.
Perhaps kind Heav'n in mercy dealt the blow,
some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
to wean thy heart from grov'ling views below,
and point out bliss beyond misfortune's reach:
to shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,
which tow'ring hope so fondly builds in air,
one fatal moment can destroy,
and plunge th' exulting maniac in despair.
Then, O! with pious fortitude sustain
thy present loss, haply thy future gain;
nor let thy Emma die in vain;

time shall administer it's wonted balm,
and hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing calm,
Thus, the poor bird, by some disast'rous fate,
caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
torn from it's native fields, and dearer mate,
flutters a while, and spends it's little rage;
but, finding all it's efforts weak and vain,
no more it pants and rages for the plain;
moping a while, in sullen mood
droops the sweet mourner, but, ere long,
plumes it's light wings, and pecks it's food,
and meditates the song:
serenely sorrowing, breathes it's piteous case,
and with it's plaintive warblings saddens all the place.
Forgive me, Heaven! yet—yet the tears will flow,
to think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
my budding joys just promising to blow,
all nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
my hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
move heavily along;
where's now the sprightly jest, the jocund song?
time creeps unconscious of delight:
how shall I cheat the tedious day?
and O—the joyless night!
where shall I rest my weary head?
how shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?
Come, Theban drug,* the wretch's only aid,
to my torn heart it's former peace restore;
thy votary wrapp'd in thy Lethean shade,
a while shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
haply, when lock'd in sleep's embrace,
again I shall behold my Emma's face;

* Laudanum.

again with transport hear
her voice soft whisp'ring in my ear;
may steal once more a balmy kiss,
and taste at least of visionary bliss.

But, ah! th' unwelcome morn's obtruding light
will all my shadowy schemes of bliss depose,
will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
and wake me to the sense of all my woes:
if to the verdant fields I stray,

alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
her lovely form pursues where'er I go
and darkens all the scene with woe.

By nature's lavish bounties cheer'd no more,
sorrowing I rove,

through valley, grot, and grove;
nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
no herb, no plant, can med'cine my disease,
and my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.

Sickness and sorrow, hov'ring round my bed,
who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
with lenient hand support my drooping head,
assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?

Should worldly business call away,
who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
count ev'ry minute of the loit'ring day,
impatient for my quick return?

should aught my bosom discompose,
who now with sweet complacent air
shall smooth the rugged brow of care,
and soften all my woes?

Too faithful memory——Cease, O cease——
how shall I e'er regain my peace?

(O to forget her!)-but how vain each art,
while ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart.



And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
to hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
when reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
and thy sweet-lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
how oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
when, twining round my knees, I trace
thy mother's smile upon thy face?

How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
sad memory of my joys—ah now no more!
by blessings once enjoy'd now more distress,
more beggar by the riches once possess.
My little darling! dearer to me grown
by all the tears thou 'st caus'd—(O strange to hear!)
bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:
who now shall seek, with fond delight,
thy infant steps to guide aright?

She who with doating eyes would gaze
on all thy little artless ways,
by all thy soft endearments blest,
and clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
alas! is gone; yet shalt thou prove
a father's dearest, tenderest love;

and O sweet senseless smiler (envied state)!
as yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,
when years thy judgment shall mature,
and reason shews those ills it cannot cure,
whilt thou, a father's grief t' assuage,
for virtue prove the phoenix of the earth,
(like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth),
and be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?
and oft as to thy list'ning ear

thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,
 say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
 while on the mournful theme I dwell?
 then fondly stealing to thy father's side,
 whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
 which I would vainly seek to hide,
 say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
 to sooth my sorrows, all my cares employ,
 and in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

AN EVENING ADDRESS

to a Nightingale.

BY THE SAME.

Sweet bird! that, kindly perching near,
 pourest thy plaints melodious in mine ear,
 not, like base worldlings tutor'd to forego
 the melancholy haunts of woe;
 thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:
 for, surely, thou hast known to prove,
 like me, the pangs of hapless love;
 else why so feelingly complain,
 and with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the grove?

Say, dost thou mourn thy ravish'd mate,
 that oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
 or has the cruel hand of Fate
 bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas! for *both* I weep——

In all the pride of youthful charms,
 a beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
 a lovely babe that should have liv'd to bless
 and fill my doating eyes with frequent tears,
 at once the source of rapture and distress,
 the flattering prop of my declining years!

~~~~~  
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,  
by every art that science could devise,  
alas ! it languish'd for a mother's aid,  
and wing'd it's flight to seek her in the skies.

Then O our comforts be the same,  
at evening's peaceful hour,  
to shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame,  
and breathe our sorrows in this lonely bower.

But why, alas ! to thee complain !  
to thee, unconscious of my pain !  
soon shalt *thou* cease to mourn thy lot severe,  
and hail the dawning of a happier year :  
the genial warmth of joy-renewing spring  
again shall plume thy shatter'd wing ;  
again thy little heart shall transport prove,  
again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy love.

But O for *me* in vain may seasons roll,  
nought can dry up the fountain of my tears,  
deploring still the *comfort of my soul*,  
I court my sorrows by encreasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,  
where is the promis'd period of my woes ?  
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,  
and yet I weep, a stranger to repose :  
O what delusion did thy tongue employ !

“ That Emma's fatal pledge of love,  
her last bequest, with all a mother's care,  
the bitterness of sorrow should remove,  
soften the horrors of despair,  
and cheer a heart long lost to joy ! ”

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,  
gazing enraptur'd on it's angel-face,  
my soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,

and burn with all a father's fond alarms!  
and O what flattering scenes had Fancy feign'd!  
how did I rave of blessings yet in store!  
till every aching sense was sweetly pain'd,  
and my full heart could bear, nor tongue could utter  
more.

'Just Heaven,' I cry'd, with recent hopes elate,  
'yet I will live, will live, tho' Emma's dead;  
so long bow'd down beneath the storms of Fate,  
yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!

My little Emma, now my *all*,  
will want a father's care,  
her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,  
and for her sake the ills of life I'll bear:  
and oft together we'll complain.  
Complaint, the only bliss my soul can know,  
from me my child shall learn the mournful strain,  
and prattle tales of woe.

And O in that auspicious hour,  
when Fate resigns her persecuting power,  
with duteous zeal her hand shall close,  
no more to weep, my sorrow-streaming eyes,  
when death gives misery repose,  
and opes a glorious passage to the skies.'  
Vain thought! it must not be. She too is dead;  
the flattering scene is o'er,  
my hopes for ever, ever fled,  
and vengeance can no more;  
crush'd by misfortune, blasted by disease,  
and none, none left, to bear a friendly part!  
to meditate my welfare, health, or ease,  
or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!  
Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome death,

with lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe),  
 shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,  
 and dry up every tear,  
 perhaps, obsequious to my will,  
 but ah ! from my affections far remov'd !  
 the last sad office strangers may fulfil,  
 as if I ne'er had been belov'd ;  
 as if, unconscious of poetic fire,  
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre ;  
 as if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,  
 nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet, while this weary life shall last,  
 while yet my tongue can form th' impassion'd strain,  
 in piteous accents shall the Muse complain,  
 and dwell with fond delay on blessings past :  
 for O how grateful to a wounded heart,  
 the tale of misery to impart !  
 from other's eyes bid artless sorrows flow,  
 and raise esteem upon the base of woe !  
 even he,\* the noblest of the tuneful throng,  
 shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,  
 shall catch the soft contagion of my song,  
 and pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a tear.

\* Lord Lyttelton.

#### CUTHBERT SHAW,

author of the foregoing Monody, was born at Raven-  
 worth, near Richmond, Yorkshire, in the year 1738  
 or 1739. His father was a shoemaker, and in low cir-  
 cumstances ; yet he managed to bestow on his son, as  
 good a school education as his neighbourhood could  
 supply. Shaw afterwards became usher of the gram-

mar school at Darlington, but growing much embarrassed in his circumstances, he quitted this employ and went in pursuit of good fortune to London, where, report says, he engaged in writing paragraphs and essays for the newspapers. He shortly, however, relinquished this mode of bare existence, and joined the Norwich company of comedians, under the name of W. Seymour. In the summer of 1760, he performed with Mr. Foote, at the Hay-market; in the winter, he passed to Ireland, or joined some country company; and in the summer of 1761, performed at Covent-garden, but with little success. Finding this profession also incompetent to supply the exigencies of his life, he had next recourse to satirical composition for subsistence. His principal productions, in this way, are *The four Farthing Candles*, 4to; *The Race, by Mercurius Spur, esq., with Notes by Faustinus Scriblerus*, 4to; *An Address to the Critics*; and *Corruption, a Satire, inscribed to the Right Honourable Richard Grenville, Earl Temple*, 4to. He was a contributor, if not the editor, of "The Freeholder's Magazine, 1770; in which also the unfortunate Chatterton was engaged. For a short time he was intrusted with the care of instructing the present Earl of Chesterfield, then an infant, in the first rudiments of learning. About the year 1767, he married an amiable and accomplished young woman, of a good family; it seems, against the inclinations of her friends. In 1768, however, he had to undergo the calamity of losing her, for she died in child-bed. On this melancholy occasion, he wrote his *Monody*, the first and most celebrated of his productions. The child, which was a daughter, survived it's mother but a short time; which event he has very pathet-

ically lamented in *An Evening Address to a Nightingale*. These pieces introduced Shaw to the notice of Lyttelton, from congeniality of affliction; but it does not appear that he derived any other advantage from an acquaintance with his lordship. In these affecting poems, independent of the circumstances which gave rise to them, are many allusions to the miserable situation of their author. Overwhelmed, at length, with the complicated distresses of his mind and diseases of his body, he sunk to that state in which the palpitations of the heart subside, and in which the weary find repose. This event happened at his house in Tichfield-street, Oxford-market, Sept. 1, 1771, in the 33d year of his age.

Shaw has unhappily added another name to the catalogue, already too numerous, of men of genius, who would have arisen to a more illustrious reputation, had their talents been accompanied with an uniform attention to the common maxims of prudence. His character was compounded of good qualities, and of defects: of tenderness, generosity, and probity, to be commended; and of extravagance, vanity, and imprudence, to be avoided. His ruling foible, whence most of his others proceeded, was a total neglect of economy. His disposition was friendly, affectionate, and social. In the domestic relations, his conduct was truly amiable and exemplary.

As a poet, the variety of his compositions evince the versatility of his genius. In the province of humour and of satire, he has been much excelled; but in poetic feeling, striking touches of nature, and pathetic tenderness, he is inferior to no writer of ancient or modern times.

Dr. Robert Anderson's Life of Shaw,

# ELEGY OF A NIGHTINGALE.

BY S. F. PRATT, ESQ.

For Elusino lost, renew the strain,  
pour the sad note upon the ev'ning gale;  
and, as the length'ning shades usurp the plain,  
the silent moon shall listen to the tale.

Sore was the time, ill fated was the hour,  
the thicket shook with many an omen dire!  
when from the topmost twig of yonder bow'r,  
I saw my husband tremble and expire.

'T was when the peasant sought his twilight rest,  
beneath the brow of yonder breezy hill;  
't was when the plummy nation sought the nest,  
and all, but such as lov'd the night, were still;  
that, as I sate with all a lover's pride,  
(as was my custom when the sun withdrew)  
dear Elusino, sudden left my side,  
and the curst form of man appear'd in view.

For sport the tube he levell'd at our head,  
and, curious to behold more near my race,  
low in the copse the artful robber laid,  
explor'd our haunt, and thunder'd at the place.

Ingrateful wretch! he was our shepherd's son,  
the harmless good old tenant of yon cot!  
that shepherd would not such a deed have done!  
't was love to him that fixed us to this spot.

Oft, as at eve his homeward steps he bent,  
when the laborious task of day was o'er,  
our mellow'd warblings sooth'd him as he went,  
till the charm'd hind forgot that he was poor.

~~~~~  
Ah! could not this thy gratitude inspire?
could not our gentle visitations please?
could not the blameless lessons of thy sire
restrain thy barb'rous hand from crimes like these?

Oh, cruel boy! thou tyrant of the plain!
couldst thou but see the sorrows thou hast made,
or didst thou know the virtues thou hast slain,
and view the gloomy horrors of the shade:

couldst thou behold my infant younglings lay,
in the moss cradle, which our bills prepar'd;
babes as they were, the offspring of the day,
their wings defenceless, and their bosoms bar'd:

surely the mighty malice of thy kind,
thy power to wrong, and readiness to kill,
in common pity, to the parent's mind,
would cease the new-made father's blood to spill.

Haply the time may come, when heav'n shall give
to thee the troubles thou hast heap'd on me.

Haply, ere well thy babes begin to live,
Death may present the dart of misery.

Just as the tender hope begins to rise,
as the fond mother hugs her darling boy;
as the big rapture trembles in the eyes,
and the breast throbs with all a parent's joy;

then may some midnight robber, skill'd in guile,
resolv'd on plunder and on deeds of death,
thy fairy prospects, tender transports spoil;
and to the knife resign thy children's breath!

In that sad moment shall thy savage heart,
feel the keen anguish, desperate and wild,
conscience forlorn, shall doubly point the smart;
and justice whisper, "This is child for child."

~~~~~  
 'Rest of their sire, my babes, alas! must sigh;  
 for grief obstructs the widow's anxious care;  
 this wasted form, this ever-weeping eye,  
 and the deep note of destitute despair;  
 all load this bosom with a fraught so sore,  
 scarce can I cater for their daily food!  
 where'er I search, my husband search'd before;  
 and soon my nest, will hold—an orphan brood.

## ELEGY ON MRS. BOWES.

BY LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

Hail, happy bride! for thou art truly blest:  
 three months of pleasure crown'd with endless rest!  
 merit like your's was Heaven's peculiar care;  
 you lov'd, yet tasted happiness sincere:  
 the sweets of love to you were only shewn,  
 the sure, succeeding, bitter dregs, unknown:  
 You had not yet the fatal change deplor'd,  
 the tender lover for th' imperious lord,  
 nor felt the pangs, that jealous fondness brings,  
 nor wept the coldness, from possession springs:  
 above your sex, distinguish'd in your fate,  
 you trusted, yet experienced no deceit.  
 Swift were your hours, and, wing'd with pleasure flew:  
 no vain repentance gave a sigh to you,  
 and, if superior bliss Heaven can bestow,  
 with fellow-angels you enjoy it now.

~~~~~  
THE BLACKBIRDS.

BY THE REV. RICHARD JAGO, M. A.

The sun had chas'd the mountain snow,
his beams had pierc'd the stubborn soil,
the melting streams began to flow,
and plowmen urg'd their annual toil.

'T was then, amid the vocal throng,
whom nature wak'd to mirth and love,
a blackbird rais'd his am'rous song,
and thus it echo'd through the grove :

“ O fairest of the feather'd train !
for whom I sing, for whom I burn,
attend with pity to my strain,
and grant my love a kind return.

For see, the wintry storms are flown,
and zephyrs gently fan the air ;
let us the genial influence own,
let us the vernal pastime share.

The raven plumes his jetty wing,
to please his croaking paramour ;
the larks responsive carols sing,
and tell their passion as they soar :

but does the raven's sable wing
excel the glossy jet of mine ?
or can the lark more sweetly sing,
than we, who strength with softness join ?

O let me then thy steps attend !
I'll point new treasures to thy sight :
whether the grove thy wish befriend,
or hedge-rows green, or meadows bright.

I'll guide thee to the clearest rill,
whose streams among the pebbles stray;
there will we sip, and sip our fill,
or on the flowery margin play.

I'll lead thee to the thickest brake,
impervious to the school-boy's eye;
for thee the plaster'd nest I'll make,
and to thy downy bosom fly.

When prompted by a mother's care,
thy warmth shall form the imprison'd young,
the pleasing task I'll gladly share,
or cheer thy labours with a song.

To bring thee food I'll range the fields,
and cull the best of ev'ry kind,
whatever nature's bounty yields,
and love's assiduous care can find.

And when my lovely mate would stray,
to taste the summer sweets at large,
I'll wait at home the live-long day,
and fondly tend our little charge.

Then prove with me the sweets of love,
with me divide the cares of life,
no bush shall boast in all the grove
a mate so fond, so blest a wife."

He ceas'd his song, the plummy dame
heard with delight the love-sick strain,
nor long conceal'd a mutual flame,
nor long repress'd his am'rous pain.

He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
and perch'd with triumph by her side:
what gilded roof could boast that hour
a fonder mate, or happier bride?

~~~~~  
Next morn he wak'd her with a song;  
"Behold," he said, "the new-born day,  
the lark his mattin-peal has rung,  
arise, my love, and come away!"

Together through the fields they stray'd,  
and to the murm'ring riv'let's side,  
renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd  
with artless joy, and decent pride.

When O! with grief my muse relates  
what dire misfortune clos'd the tale,  
sent by an order from the fates,  
a gunner met them in the vale.

Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, my dear,  
haste, haste away, from danger fly;  
here gunner point thy thunder here,  
O spare my love and let me die.

At him the gunner took his aim,  
too sure the volly'd thunder flew!  
O had he chose some other game,  
or shot as he was wont to do!

Divided pair! forgive the wrong,  
while I with tears your fate rehearse,  
I'll join the widow's plaintive song,  
and save the lover in my verse.

# THE GOLDFINCHES.

BY THE SAME.

To William Shenstone.

"*Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.*"

To you, whose groves protect the feather'd choirs,  
who lend their artless notes a willing ear,  
to you, whom pity moves, and taste inspires,  
the Doric strain belongs, O Shenstone, hear.

'T was gentle spring, when all the plummy race,  
by nature taught, in nuptial leagues combine!  
a goldfinch joy'd to meet the warm embrace,  
and with her mate in love's delights to join.

All in a garden, on a currant bush,  
with wond'rous art they built their airy seat;  
in the next orchard liv'd a friendly thrush,  
nor distant far a woodlark's soft retreat.

Here blest with ease, and in each other blest,  
with early songs they wak'd the neighb'ring groves,  
till time matur'd their joys, and crown'd their nest  
with infant pledges of their faithful loves.

And now what transport glow'd in either's eye!  
what equal fondness dealt the allotted food?  
what joy each other's likeness to descry,  
and future sonnets, in the chirping brood!

But ah! what earthly happiness can last?  
how does the fairest purpose often fail?  
a truant school-boy's wantonness could blast  
their flatt'ring hopes, and leave them both to wail.

The most ungentle of his tribe was he,  
no gen'rous precept ever touch'd his heart,

~~~~~  
with concord false, and hideous prosody
he scrawl'd his task, and blundered o'er his part.

On mischief bent, he mark'd, with rav'nous eyes,
where wrapt in down the callow songsters lay,
then rushing rudely seiz'd the glitt'ring prize,
and bore it in his impious hands away!

But how shall I describe, in numbers rude,
the pangs for poor Chrysomitris decreed,
when from her secret stand aghast she view'd
the cruel spoiler perpetrate the deed?

O grief of griefs! with shrieking voice she cry'd,
what sight is this that I have liv'd to see!

O! that I had in youth's fair season dy'd,
from love's false joys, and bitter sorrows free.

Was it for this, alas! with weary bill,
was it for this I pois'd th' unwieldy straw?
for this I bore the moss from yonder hill,
nor shunn'd the pond'rous stick along to draw.

Was it for this I pick'd the wool with care,
intent with nicer skill our work to crown;
for this, with pain, I bent the stubborn hair,
and lin'd our cradle with the thistle's down?

Was it for this my freedom I resign'd,
and ceas'd to rove at large from plain to plain;
for this I sat at home whole days confin'd,
to bear the scorching heat and pealing rain?

Was it for this my watchful eyes grew dim?
for this the roses on my cheeks turn'd pale?
pale is my golden plumage, once so trim,
and all my wonted mirth and spirits fail!

O plund'rer vile! O more than adders fell!
more murd'rous than the cat, with prudish face!

fiercer than kites in whom the furies dwell,
and thievish as the cuckow's pilf'ring race!

May juicy plumbs for thee forbear to grow,
for thee no flow'r unveil it's charming dyes;
may birch trees thrive to work thee sharper woe,
and list'ning starlings mock thy frantic cries.

Thus sang the mournful bird her piteous tale,
the piteous tale her mournful mate return'd,
then side by side they sought the distant vale,
and there in secret sadness inly mourn'd.

THE SWALLOWS.

BY THE SAME.

Written September, 1748.

IN TWO PARTS.

Ere yellow autumn from our plains retir'd,
and gave to wintry storms the vary'd year,
the swallow race with prescient gift inspir'd,
to southern climes prepar'd their course to steer.

On Damon's roof a large assembly sate,
his roof a refuge to the feather'd kind!
with serious look he mark'd the grave debate,
and to his Delia thus address'd his mind:

observe yon twitt'ring flock, my gentle maid,
observe, and read the wond'rous ways of heav'n!
with us through summer's genial reign they stay'd,
and food, and sunshine to their wants were giv'n;
but now by secret instinct taught, they know
the near approach of elemental strife,
of blust'ring tempests, and of chilling snow,
with ev'ry pang and scourge of tender life.

~~~~~  
Thus warn'd they meditate a speedy flight,  
from this e'en now they prune their vig'rous wing,  
for this each other to the toil excite,  
and prove their strength in many a sportive ring.

No sorrow loads their breasts, or dims their eye,  
to quit their wonted haunts, or native home,  
nor fear they launching on the boundless sky,  
in search of future settlements to roam.

They feel a power, an impulse all divine,  
that warns them hence, they feel it and obey,  
to this direction all their cares resign,  
unknown their destin'd stage, unmark'd their way.

Peace to your flight! ye mild domestic race!  
O! for your wings to travel with the sun!  
health brace your nerves, and zephyrs aid your pace,  
till your long voyage happily be done.

See, Delia, on my roof your guests to-day,  
to-morrow on my roof your guests no more,  
ere yet 't is night with haste they wing away,  
to-morrow lands them on some happier shore.

How just the moral in this scene convey'd!  
and what without a moral would we read?  
then mark what Damon tells his gentle maid,  
and with his lesson register the deed.

So youthful joys fly like the summer's gale,  
so threats the winter of inclement age,  
life's busy plot a short fantastic tale!  
and nature's changeful scenes the shifting stage!  
and does no friendly pow'r to man dispense  
the joyful tidings of some happier clime?  
find we no guide in gracious providence  
beyond the gloomy grave, and short-liv'd time?

~~~~~  
Yes, yes, the sacred oracles we hear,
that point the path to realms of endless joy ;
that bid our trembling hearts no danger fear,
tho' clouds surround and angry skies annoy.

Then let us wisely for our flight prepare,
nor count this stormy world our fix'd abode,
obey the call, and trust our leader's care,
to smooth the rough, and light the darksome road.

Moses, by grant divine, led Israel's host
through dreary paths to Jordan's fruitful side ;
but we a loftier theme than their's can boast,
a better promise and a nobler guide.

PART II.

Written April, 1749.

At length the winter's howling blasts are o'er,
array'd in smiles the lovely spring returns,
now fuell'd hearths attractive blaze no more,
and ev'ry breast with inward fervour burns.

Again the daisies peep, the violets blow,
again the vocal tenants of the grove,
(forgot the patt'ring hail or driving snow)
renew the lay to melody and love.

And see, my Delia, see o'er yonder stream,
where, on the bank, the lambs in gambols play,
alike attracted by the sunny gleam,
again the swallows take their wonted way.

Welcome, ye gentle tribe, your sports pursue,
welcome again to Delia, and to me,
your peaceful councils on my roof renew,
and plan new settlements from danger free.

Again I'll listen to your grave debates,
again I'll hear your twitt'ring songs unfold

~~~~~  
what policy directs your wand'ring states,  
what bounds are settl'd and what tribes enroll'd.

Again I 'll hear you tell of distant lands,  
what insect nations rise from Egypt's mud,  
what painted swarms subsist on Lybia's sands,  
what Ganges yields, and what th' Euphratean flood.

Thrice happy race, whom nature's call invites  
to travel o'er her realms with active wing,  
to taste her various stores, her best delights,  
the summer's radiance, and the sweets of spring.

While we are doom'd to bear the restless change  
of varying seasons, vapours dank and dry,  
forbid like you in milder climes to range,  
when wint'ry storms usurp the lowering sky.

Yet know the period to your joys assign'd,  
know ruin hovers o'er this earthly ball,  
as lofty tow'rs stoop prostrate to the wind,  
it's secret props of adamant shall fall.

But when yon radiant sun shall shine no more,  
the spirit, freed from sin's tyrannic sway,  
on lighter pinions borne than your's shall soar  
to fairer realms beneath a brighter ray.

To plains ethereal, and celestial bowers,  
where wintry storms no rude access obtain,  
where blasts no light'ning, and no tempest lowers,  
but ever-smiling spring and pleasure reign.



# ON MY DYING ASS, PETER.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

Friend of my youthful days! for ever past,  
when whim and harmless folly rul'd the hour;  
ah! art thou stretch'd amid the straw at last?  
these eyes with tears thy dying looks devour.

Blest, would I soften thy hard bed of death,  
and with new floods the fount of life supply.  
O PETER! blest would I prolong thy breath,  
renew each nerve, and cheer thy beamless eye.

But wherefore wish? Thy lot is that of all;  
thy friend, who mourns, must yield to nature's law;  
like thee must sink, and o'er each dark'ning ball,  
will death's cold hand th' eternal curtain draw.

Piteous thou liftest up thy feeble head,  
and mark'st me dimly, with a dumb adieu,  
and thus amid thy hopeless looks I read,  
“ Faint is thy servant and his moments few.

With thee no longer blest, the lanes I tread,  
those times so happy, are for ever o'er;  
ah! why should fate so cruel cut our thread,  
and part a friendship that must meet no more!

Oh! when these lids shall close (the will of fate,)  
oh! let in peace these aged limbs be laid;  
'mid that lov'd field which saw us oft of late,  
beneath our fav'rite willow's ample shade.

And if my master chance to wander nigh,  
beside the spot where PETER's bones repose,  
oh! let your servant claim one little sigh,  
grant this, and blest these eyes for ever close.”

~~~~~  
Yes, thou poor SPIRIT, yes, *thy* wish is *mine* ;
yes, be thy grave beneath the willow's gloom ;
there shall the sod, the greenest sod be thine ;
and there the brightest flow'r of spring shall bloom.

Oft to the field as HEALTH my footstep draws,
thy turf shall surely catch thy master's eye ;
there on thy sleep of death shall friendship pause,
dwell on past days and leave thee with a sigh.

Sweet's the remembrance of your youthful hours,
when innocence upon our actions smil'd !
what tho' AMBITION scorn'd our humble powers,
thou a wild cub, and I a cub as wild ?

Pleas'd will I tell how oft we us'd to roam ;
how oft we wander'd at the peep of morn ;
till Night would wrap the world in spectr'd gloom,
and Silence listen'd to the beetle's horn.

Thy victories will I recount with joy ;
the various trophies by thy fleetness won ;
and boast that I, thy play-fellow, a boy,
beheld the feats by name-sake PETER won.

Yes, yes (for grief must yield at times to glee),
amid my friends I oft will tell our tale ;
when lo, these friends will rush thy sod to see,
and call thy peaceful region PETER'S VALE.

~~~~~

## DELIA.

BY MRS. BARBAULD.

—tecum ut longæ sociarem gaudia vitæ,  
inque tuo caderet nostra senecta sinu. *Tibul.*

Yes, Délia, loves! My fondest vows are blest;  
farewell the memory of her past disdain;  
one kind relenting glance has heal'd my breast,  
and balanc'd in a moment years of pain.

O'er her soft cheek consenting blushes move,  
and with kind stealth her secret soul betray;  
blushes which usher in the morn of love,  
sure as the red'ning east foretells the day.

Her tender smiles shall pay me with delight  
for many a bitter pang of jealous fear;  
for many an anxious day and sleepless night,  
for many a stifled sigh, and silent tear.

Delia shall come, and bless my lone retreat;  
she does not scorn the shepherd's lowly life;  
she will not blush to leave the splendid seat,  
and own the title of a poor man's wife.

The simple knot shall bind her gather'd hair,  
the russet garment clasp her lovely breast:  
Delia shall mix among the rural fair,  
by charms alone distinguished from the rest.

And meek Simplicity, neglected maid,  
shall bid my fair in native graces shine:  
she, only she, shall lend her modest aid,  
chaste, sober priestess, at sweet beauty's shrine!

How sweet to muse by murmuring spring reclin'd;  
or loitering careless in the shady grove,

indulge the gentlest feelings of the mind,  
and pity those who live to aught but love!

When Delia's hand unlocks her shining hair,  
and o'er her shoulder spreads the flowing gold,  
base were the man who one bright tress would spare  
for all the ore of India's coarser mold.

By her dear side with what content I'd toil,  
patient of any labour in her sight;  
guide the slow plough, or turn the stubborn soil,  
till the last lingering beam of doubtful light.

But softer tasks divide my Delia's hours;  
to watch the firstlings at their harmless play;  
with welcome shade to screen the languid flowers,  
that sicken in the Summer's parching ray.

Oft will she stoop amid her ev'ning walk,  
with tender hand each bruised plant to rear;  
to bind the drooping lily's broken stalk,  
and nurse the blossoms of the infant year.

When beating rains forbid our feet to roam,  
we'll shelter'd sit, and turn the storied page;  
there see what passions shake the lofty dome  
with mad ambition or ungovern'd rage:

what headlong ruin oft involves the great;  
what conscious terrors guilty bosoms prove;  
what strange and sudden turns of adverse fate  
tear the sad virgin from her plighted love.

Delia shall read, and drop a gentle tear;  
then cast her eyes around the low-roof'd cot,  
and own the fates have dealt more kindly here,  
that blest with only love our little lot.

For Love has sworn (I heard the awful vow)  
the wav'ring heart shall never be his care,

~~~~~  
that stoops at any baser shrine to bow ;
and what he cannot rule, he scorns to share.

My heart in Delia is so fully blest,
it has no room to lodge another joy ;
my peace all leans upon that gentle breast,
and only there misfortune can annoy.

Our silent hours shall steal unmark'd away
in one long tender calm of rural peace ;
and measure many a fair unblemish'd day
of cheerful leisure and poetic ease.

The proud unfeeling world their lot shall scorn
who 'midst inglorious shades can poorly dwell ;
yet if some youth, for gentler passions born,
shall chance to wander near our lowly cell,

his feeling breast with purer flames shall glow ;
and leaving pomp and state and cares behind,
shall own the world has little to bestow,
where two fond hearts in equal love are join'd.



TO HER WHO WILL BEST REMEMBER IT.

When strong affliction deeply wounds the breast,
when sorrow sits upon the moisten'd eye ;
when the heart sinks with pond'rous grief oppress'd,
and the sad bosom heaves with many a sigh ;

lost to all life, averse to ev'ry joy,
disdaining comfort, scorning all repose,
the pensive soul can brook but one employ,
brooding in gloomy silence o'er it's woes.

Come, then, thou partner of my cheerless hour,
come, faithful muse, and seek the lonely grove,

~~~~~  
retire with me to yon sequester'd bow'r,  
and mark the story of my luckless love.

For thou, the truest, tend'rest, best of friends,  
the fond companion of my earliest youth,  
wilt share each anguish that my bosom rends,  
untir'd wilt listen, and unseen wilt sooth.

Oft hast thou tried, and oft with kind success,  
to smooth the sorrows of my aching brow ;  
but ah ! I never felt severe distress,  
or prov'd th' extreme of misery till now.

Full well thou know'st, in life's unripen'd morn,  
with thoughtless ease I pass'd the frolick day ;  
pluck'd ev'ry rose, and where I found a thorn,  
threw, careless threw th' unheeded flow'r away.

Resolv'd the roving, restless mind to cure,  
and guide the future diff'rent from the past,  
I sought for sweets that might through life endure,  
and fondly fancied they were found at last.

I saw the loveliest rose that grac'd the land,  
with blooming fragrance gladd'ning all around ;  
too bold, perhaps, I stretch'd the forward hand,  
yet miss'd the flow'r, and inly felt a wound.

Felt ! did I say ? nay, rankling in my heart,  
no time can mitigate my suff'ring there ;  
Hope lends no friendly balsam for the smart,  
and all my black'ning prospects frown despair.

And yet, lov'd maid ! if partial to my muse,  
her artless numbers thou wilt deign to hear ;  
if, softly sighing, thou wilt not refuse  
to shed with her one sympathizing tear ;  
that single tear, moist'ning Eliza's cheek,  
should, for a moment, wash my griefs away ;

~~~~~  
that sigh, tho' half suppress'd shall more than speak,
and gild the evening of each mournful day.

Then shall I think 't was not Eliza's heart,
't was not her gentle breast refus'd to glow;
't was not Eliza's self who bade us part,
the world, the unfeeling world, pronounc'd it so.

The unfeeling world, that thinks where riches roll,
where titles blazon, joys can never cease;
that forms each soft emotion of the soul,
and builds on public clamour private peace.

And yet, Eliza, thou may'st live to prove,
and thy fond heart may own it with a sigh,
that the endearing sweets of mutual love,
no wealth, no state, no splendour can supply.

Form'd as thou art, with ev'ry outward grace,
with ev'ry inward virtue richly fraught,
think, if thy tenderness thou should'st misplace,
pride, pomp, and grandeur may be dearly bought.

Tho' honour's noblest circle thou 'lt adorn,
and dignify in ev'ry sphere the wise,
Eliza, or I much mistake, was born
to shine amid the soften'd joys of life.

For me, whom poignant woes must still depress,
each future hour to sorrow I resign;
death only can alleviate my distress,
and the last parting moment shall be thine!

Poetry of the World.

ELEGY TO PITY.

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE, ESQ.

Hail, lovely pow'r! whose bosom heaves a sigh,
when Fancy paints the scene of deep distress:
whose tears spontaneous chrystallize the eye,
when rigid fate denies the pow'r to bless.

Not all the sweets Arabia's gales convey
from flow'ry meads, can with that sigh compare:
not dew drops glitt'ring in the morning ray,
seem near so beauteous as that falling tear.

Devoid of fear the fawns around thee play;
emblem of peace, the dove before thee flies;
no blood-stain'd traces mark thy blameless way,
beneath thy feet no hapless insect dies.

Come, lovely nymph! and range the mead with me,
to spring the partridge from the guileful foe,
from secret snares the struggling bird to free,
and stop the hand uprais'd to give the blow.

And when the air with heat meridian glows,
and nature droops beneath the conq'ring gleam,
let us, slow wand'ring where the current flows,
save sinking flies that float along the stream.

Or turn to nobler greater tasks thy care,
to me thy sympathetic gifts impart;
teach me in friendship's griefs to bear a share;
and justly boast the gen'rous feeling heart.

Teach me to sooth the helpless orphan's grief;
with timely aid the widow's woes assuage,
to misery's moving cries to yield relief,
and be the sure resource of drooping age.

~*~*~

So when the genial spring of life shall fade,
and sinking nature owns the dread decay,
some soul congenial then may lend it's aid,
and gild the close of life's eventful day.



ASTERIA ROCKING THE CRADLE.

BY GEORGE DYER.

———Κελομα, ευδε Ερεφος. *Simonides.*

'Tis fair Asteria's fond employ
to rock yon little restless boy ;
how great a treasure does contain
that cradle, in it's small domain !

Not all Arabia's spicy store,
not all Golconda's glitt'ring ore,
Elysian fields, nor Eden's grove,
could buy that little restless love.

Sweet babe ! the fair Asteria cries :
sweet babe ! the list'ning muse replies :
while here a faithful guard we keep,
sweet babe ! enjoy the honied sleep.

Now hush, the sobs ! and hush, the cries !
lo, gentle slumbers close his eyes !
and here a faithful guard we keep ;
sweet babe ! enjoy the honied sleep.

Ere yon fair orb, that rules the sky,
beam'd on that lovely infant's eye ;
and ere it whimper'd, ere it wept,
close in the silent womb it slept.



And, who can tell the bitter smart
that pierc'd Asteria's trembling heart?
yet sure there's magic in that boy,
that wakes the soft parental joy.

And still Asteria's languid face
wears the pale primrose' sickly grace:
yet o'er that face what brilliant hues
can her beloved babe diffuse!

How sweet beside the cradle's brink,
in musing state, to sit and think! *
no dasy'd bank, no green hill's side,
so shines in nature's decent pride.

Now see the babe uncloze his eyes!
and see the mother's transport rise!
how ev'ry feature charms her sight!
how ev'ry motion wakes delight!

What rising beauties there she views!
the rosy lip, the polish'd nose,
the slender eye-brow, budding thin,
the velvet cheek, the dimpling chin.

Anon she views the sparkling eye,
the lifted hand, the tuneful cry;
and hast'ning on through years to come,
she traces out his future doom.

“ Haply he'll plead religion's cause,
or weep o'er freedom's bleeding laws;
or feel the poet's sacred rage,
or trace the dark historic page.”

* With me the muse shall sit and think,
at ease reclin'd in rustic state. *Gray.*

Nor is so sweet the sweetest gale,
that breathes across the silent vale,
from myrtle grove, or garden's bloom,
as is the honied breath's perfume.

At length she breathes the pious pray'r:
"Great God, oh! make my child thy care!
and may his future actions be
sacred to virtue and to thee!

whatever fortune then betide,
thou shalt his portion still abide;
and when the course of life is run,
he'll wear a never-with'ring crown."



ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE;

BY THE REV. WILLIAM MASON.

Mrs. Mason died at Bristol Wells, while drinking
a glass of the waters.

Take, holy earth, all that my soul holds dear;
take, that best gift which Heaven so lately gave:
to Bristol's fount I bore, with trembling care,
her faded form; she bow'd to taste the wave,
and died. Does youth, does beauty read the line?
does sympathetic fear their breast alarm?
speak, dead Maria! breathe a strain divine,
ev'n from the grave thou shalt have pow'r to charm.
Bid them be chaste, be innocent, like thee;
bid them in duty's sphere as meekly move;
and if so fair, from vanity so free,

so firm in friendship, and so fond in love;
 tell them, tho' 't is an awful thing to die,
 ('t was ev'n to thee) yet the dread path once trod,
 Heaven lifts it's everlasting portals high,
 and bids the pure in heart behold their God.



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ELEGIAC.

THE DISTRESS OF AMANDA ON THE DEATH OF
HER HUSBAND;
THE MAID OF THE INN;
&c. &c. &c.



AMANDA

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THE DISTRESS OF AMANDA

on the Death of her Husband.

The last embrace was given—Alphonso's eyes,
fixt on Amanda's form (whose tender care
could ne'er desert her faithful lord), had beam'd
feebly their *last* farewell, and his cold lips
had quiver'd his last breath. Sunk on his breast,
she wept her fate, till from the breathless clay,
torn by her anxious friends; then, wild with grief,
sudden she turn'd her eyes, where the fond nurse
held in her trembling arms a beauteous babe,
Alphonso and Amanda's youngest hope;
his head reclining careless on her breast,
and lull'd to gentle sleep. In horror fix'd,
silent awhile the wretched mother stood,
gaz'd o'er the child, and wonder'd at her woes,
the statue of despair, till the big tear
down her pale cheek fell frequent, and reliev'd
her quivering heart; when thus she spoke.—' Poor boy!
sleep o'er thee waves oblivion's friendly wand;
thou art unmov'd by this long train of woe;
the sullen silence which now reigns through all
the apartments of this house,—the officious friends
who wait, in ghost-like forms, upon my grief;—
thy brothers, who cling round me with deep sighs,—
and my distracted mind;—afflict not thee.
Thy father breathes no more! yet wrap'd in ease,
cherub of innocence! thou dost not feel
what thou hast lost in him, who in his arms,
so oft delighted, held thee, while he form'd

thy speech, or danc'd thee prattling on his knee,
when lost in joy he list'ned to thy voice,
and call'd it pleasant music—to his breast
then press'd thee, and with looks of gratitude
thank'd his benignant God. A thousand arts,
which happy parents only can invent,
were try'd to win thy love. Swift fled those hours,
those blessed hours; for peace fill'd all his soul.
Sweet are thy slumbers. Still the dimpl'd smile,
wont to enrapture thy fond father's heart,
plays o'er thy rosy lips. Like yon bright sun
which darts from eastern hills it's cheerful rays,
scattering the gloom of night. Sleep on, dear babe!
and may the pangs which rend thy mother's heart
ne'er break thy rest. When, when shall I
sleep like this infant? Madness tears my brain!
Perish that hour which gave Amanda birth!
wrap it in darkness and the shades of death!
Henceforth let not the voice of joy be known!
let no star gild that solitary night!
oh! blot it from the year! Why was I born?
why did maternal love, when first I breath'd
the air, or hung upon the breast, prevent
the dart of death? why was I not dismiss'd
to kindred dust? Then I had been in peace;
then had I slept for ever, in the grave,
that house of refuge, were the rich and proud
lie throng'd and undistinguish'd with the poor;
where tumults wake not from his easy couch
th' unfetter'd prisoner, where the honest slave,
freed from obedience to a master's will,
fears not the oppressor's voice and tyrant power.
There pain and sorrows cease, the weary there
are all at rest, and life's fierce storm is past.



A dagger's point would give a friendly blow—
But, see! Alphonso mounting to the skies!
He stops his rapid course—he bends to earth;
once more I hear him.—‘Stay, rash woman! stay!
forfeit not bliss eternal, nor rush wild
into the presence of thy angry God;
look on thy children—their imploring eyes,
their tender years demand a mother's care;
in them thy lov'd Alphonso still may live.’
Thus he reveals the awful will of Heaven.

The vision fled—the mandate was obey'd:
the storm of grief sunk to a pleasing calm;
while in each graceful feature she beheld
her lord renew'd, and in their opening minds
saw every virtue which adorn'd their sire:
Alphonso in his children lives! and blest
Amanda now enjoys the bright reward
of piety and duty well perform'd!
Thus in affliction's cup (which oft some fiend
in his dark cell prepares, with mingled gall,
and gives, rejoicing in distress and guilt,
to earth's pale wretch) the angels who delight
in mercy, hast'ning from the throne of light,
throws, tho' unseen, a cordial which converts
each noxious drop to balmy medicine;
while Patience, bright as Raphael from the sky,
visits our sorrows, and, with lenient hand,
heals every bleeding wound. Firm as a rock
on whose majestic sides the sea's white foam
beats harmless, Patience, lov'd of Heaven! can stand
leaning on cheerful Hope, her meek-ey'd friend,
amidst the wildest storm, and dauntless hear
it's hoarse waves roar around, and look serene,
tho' lightnings blaze and the big thunders roll

o'er the wide ruins of a falling world ;
 while near her, crown'd with light, Religion sits,
 and, smiling, offers to her brighten'd view
 eternal glories in the gates of heaven,
 by Immortality's fair hand unlock'd ;
 where the full choir of angels, with loud trumps
 and golden lyres, unto the King of Kings,
 who reigns for ever, sound all honour, power,
 wisdom and blessing, in melodious songs
 of triumph never ceasing : to his will
 let mortals then submit, and humbly own
 (tho' darkness veils the Almighty Ruler's ways,
 as clouds a while obscure the mighty sun)
 that God is *wise*, what HE ordains is *right*.



The following lines, by Whitehead, were intended to be placed beneath a statue of Somnus, in the garden of the late learned Mr. Harris of Salisbury.

AD SOMNUM.

Somne levis, quamquam certissima mortis imago,
 consortem cupio te, tamen, esse tori :
 alma quies, optata veni ; nam, sic, sine vitâ
 vivere, quam suave est ; sic, sine morte, mori.

Translated by Dr. Wolcot.

TO SLEEP.

Come, gentle Sleep, attend thy votary's prayer,
 and, tho' death's image, to my couch repair !
 how sweet, thus lifeless, yet with life to lie ;
 thus, without dying, O how sweet to die !



EPISTLE,
from a young Person to her Seducer.

ARGUMENT.

“Having by every insidious art overcome her virtue, he persuaded her to leave her father’s house; and soon after, satiated with possession, deserted her in the midst of Poverty and every species of human distress. After a variety of fruitless appeals to the humanity of her seducer, she sunk under the complicated horror of her situation, and, dying, addressed him in a letter replete with the agitation and changes of passion inspired by such an awful moment.”

Anon.

Hopeless and lost, by wounding anguish torn,
dead to each joy, of every tie forlorn,
here, as awhile in struggling nature’s strife,
I linger, trembling on the brink of life,
to thee, whose specious guile, whose cruel art,
first wrung, with sorrow’s pang, a peaceful heart;
first taught these grief-worn eyes with tears to flow
and dash’d my cup with bitterness and woe;
whose guilt a fond confiding breast betray’d,
then triumph’d o’er the wretch itself had made.
Ah! vainly once believ’d, my love! my friend!
to thee these last sad faltering lines I send.
Nor start that hand, so valu’d once, to view;
I come not scorn’d intreaties to renew,
with fruitless agony to sue again,
again to shrink beneath thy cold disdain;
ah no! by anguish, shame, and grief, o’ercome,
at last I sink; I hasten to the tomb.
In still despair death’s dread approach I wait,
nor vainly struggle to avert my fate.
Alas! when each returning day supplies
but lengthen’d woe, and change of miseries;

when each sad night in horrors arm'd appears,
and steeps my thorny couch in burning tears ;
while on my fame the fangs of Slander prey ,
and Malice hunts me from the face of day ;
while keen Remorse, with aggravated smart,
wounds all within, and gnaws upon my heart ;
can Hope's own smile one cheering moment give,
or rouse the ling'ring coward wish, to live ?
The thought is agony, the shadowy gloom
of death alone can shroud my shame. The tomb,
that last sad harbour, waits me, there my woes
shall rest in awful night, and drear repose.
That heart condemn'd so long to pine forlorn,
to dread thy frown, and sicken at thy scorn ;
the lingering pang of cheated hope to prove,
to agonize with rage, and melt with love ;
no more with passion's burning throb shall glow,
no more shall wither in corroding woe ;
but cold in dust, from wounding anguish free,
at last in death forget to doat on thee.
And when a victim thus, before my time,
I sink in blushing youth's luxuriant prime,
when lost, unknown, without a friend to save,
these once lov'd beauties glut the yawning grave ;
perhaps one sigh may burst, tho' now too late,
in vain regret for my untimely fate ;
thy hate appeas'd, may mourn my early doom,
nor wound my dust forgotten in the tomb.
Relenting Heaven itself my tears may move,
and pangs like mine atone one crime of love.
Yet ere the grasp of death my limbs invade,
and my eyes darken in eternal shade ;
ere from my view life's fading vision flee,
I pour my soul in bitterness to thee.



Source of my woes, and author of my fall,
in this tremendous hour on thee I call;
if pity yet survive, here turn thine eye,
survey the scene, behold thy victim die.
Here, while opprest by fury, love, despair,
my breast a thousand madd'ning passions tear,
while sunk aghast at death's involving gloom,
the trembling spirit deprecates her doom;
struggling too late with guilt's o'erwhelming force
buy fruitless penitence and vain remorse;
in horror waits that last convulsive sigh,
that one dread pang which rends each earthly tie;
alas, in this sad hour, the prospect drear,
what joy can brighten, or what comfort cheer?
O'er the black scene shall saintly innocence
her light display, and peaceful calms dispense?
will soothing hope my last sad solace prove?
no thankless traitor! these I lost for love.
For love and thee I lost them; thee, whose hate
now scorns my mem'ry, and insults my fate:
thy crimes which first, (so angry Heaven ordain'd,
with guilt a breast, once pure and spotless, stain'd);
blasted the promise of my op'ning bloom,
and crush'd these fatal beauties to the tomb;
pursue me even here; my parting breath
embitter; strew with thorns the bed of death;
blot out the prospect of the realms of day,
and tear the last sad lingering hopes away.
What pitying breast shall lenient aid impart,
to sooth the pangs that tear this breaking heart?
What anxious friend shall watch the bed of death,
or fondly catch the last expiring breath?
the struggling soul with fond compassion cheer,
or grace my parting spirit with a tear?



what pious hand compose, with tender care,
my cold remains, and decent rites prepare?
Alas, of every tie by thee bereft,
for me no home, no friends, no parents left;
on every hand, despair alone I see,
and the throng'd world's a wilderness to me.
Curs'd be the hour when, by that tongue betray'd,
I left the refuge of the rural shade,
and scorn'd (a victim to thy fatal charms)
the peaceful circle of a parent's arms.
Ah! cheering beams of innocence and truth,
how bright ye dawn'd upon my rising youth,
in the mild lustre of your cloudless ray,
how sweet my early moments pass'd away,
while as I raptur'd trod the fairy ground,
Hope's brilliant landscape open'd all around;
till rising like a noxious mist unseen,
guilt dimm'd your light and darken'd all the scene.
Then no fierce passion shook my placid breast,
no gnawing care depriv'd my soul of rest,
no sorrow then could dim my sparkling eye,
or force the roses of my cheeks to fly;
from every balmy breeze I courted health,
while sweet contentment held the place of wealth.
Joy crown'd the day, soft slumbers blest the night,
for virtue wing'd each moment with delight.
Alas, thrice happy! had the pitying skies
conceal'd that form for ever from my eyes;
the worm of grief had spar'd my op'ning bloom,
nor sunk my youth to wither in the tomb.
Oh Love! when first thy roses wreath'd my head,
and each gay hour transported pleasure led,
when Fancy's magic to my cheated view,
drew scenes of bliss and raptures ever new,



could my fond soul in that ecstatic hour,
blest, as I thought, beyond misfortune's power,
expect for these the sad reverse to prove
of wounding scorn and unrequited love?

Ah no, deluded wretch! I thought too sure
my joys unfading, and my bliss secure;
e'en now, in all their former warmth confest,
the long-lost visions fill my glowing breast;
with every charm that form again appears,
thy soft vows vibrate on my ravish'd ears;
again thy swimming eyes thy passion tell,
again enraptur'd on thy lips I dwell!

Again——ah fleeting rapture! short-liv'd joy!
far other scenes, my wretched soul employ;
rous'd from my dream of bliss, I keener know
the sad reality of waking woe.

Could this dread hour, by thy false eyes survey'd,
present the havoc thy dark guilt has made,
remorse and shame might wring that stony heart,
and save some other victim from thy art.

Behold my parents, how with jestures wild,
frantic with grief, they mourn their ruin'd child;
see, crush'd with sorrow, prostrate on the earth,
the venerable forms that gave me birth;
see, stung by rankling woe, too keen to bear,
they rend their silver locks in fierce despair;
hark! while the drops of agony they shed,
they weary Heaven with curses on thy head;
hark! those long groans, those deep convulsive sighs,
groans from a bursting heart, a parent dies.

Behold me helpless, wretched, and forlorn,
the mark of infamy, the sport of scorn.

See, how, by misery's withering grasp o'ercome,
my fading beauties hasten to the tomb;



how lost to all, no friendly aid to save,
I sink unpitied to an early grave.
Here while deserted and unwept I die,
here, cruel spoiler! glut thy savage eye;
go, triumph o'er a heart by love betray'd,
and crush to dust a father's reverend head;
go, while thy crime unpunish'd Heaven allows,
laugh truth to scorn, and mock thy broken vows;
and, while my breast remorse and anguish tear,
to that false bosom strain some happier fair,
who, while her flushing cheek with rapture glows,
enjoys my tortures and insults my woes;
but yet exult not, traitor! if the smile
of fortune still be thine, if for a while
the stern unerring eye of justice sleep,
't is but the measure of thy crimes to heap.
E'en while my rival, with triumphant charms,
beholds thee circled in her glowing arms,
o'er all thy soul while boundless pleasure reigns,
thy heart beats quick and rapture thrills thy veins,
stern conscience may uprear her snaky crest,
and dead'ning terrors chill thy perjur'd breast;
e'en then, with horrors arm'd, remorse may stand
to dash the cup of transport from thy hand.
Insulted Heaven! why sleeps the blasting storm,
why lingers justice, on that impious form!
O, great avenger! pour thy wrath divine,
and mix his lot with bitterness like mine:
at last awak'd to rage, O haste to shed
thy choicest, fiercest vengeance on his head:
in his own fate, my suff'rings let him see,
and learn from torture how to feel for me.
Ah! idle rage, in vain my soul I arm,
with all her wrongs to break the fatal charm;

while stung by smarting grief beyond controul,
in agony of woe I pour my soul,
and my wild lips the words of madness shower,
I feel this rebel bosom own thy power.

E'en while the ebbing springs of life decay,
still lingering passion keeps her wonted sway,
still in the arms of death, that once lov'd name,
thrills every nerve, and wakes the fatal flame ;
shrin'd in my soul, thy image still I see,
and this deluded heart still beats for thee.

O come ! e'er life's expiring lamp decays,
while yet the hov'ring soul her flight delays ;
ere Death's dull hand forbid my closing ear,
once more the music of that voice to hear ;

O come ! while yet these dying eyes can gaze,
and my arms strain thee in a last embrace ;
with lenient accents mitigate my doom,
cheer the sad prospect of the dreary tomb.

And, when sustain'd by thee, content with death,
in those lov'd arms I yield my struggling breath,
and darkness tears thee from my gazing eye,
let thy dear hands the decent rites supply,
and thou in pity bending o'er my bier,
grace my cold relics with a tender tear.

“ Speculator,” no. 8.



Written at a celebrated Watering Place in Ireland,
ON AN UNFORTUNATE YOUNG LADY,
who had some seasons before been much admired, and dignified with the
name of *Sappho*.

BY MRS. GRIFFITHS.

Thou azure fount ! whose chrystal stream
was once a nobler poet's theme ;
when, to inspire the tuneful strain,
Sappho was call'd, nor call'd in vain.
Oh ! let the good forgive, if here
I pay the tribute of a tear
in tender grief for Sappho's fate,
the wonder of thy banks so late.
So many virtues were thy share,
thou most accomplish'd ruin'd fair !
one error sure may be forgiven,
and pardon gain from earth and heaven.
Ye fair, no more her faults proclaim ;
for your own sakes conceal her shame ;
since, if a nymph so wise could fail,
we well may think you all are frail.

ALMERIA; OR THE PENITENT.

Being a genuine Epistle from an unfortunate Daughter in——, to her family in the country.

BY ROBERT PRATT.

Withdrawn from all temptations that entice
the frauds of fashion, and the snares of vice,
from all that can inspire unchaste delight,
to my dear bleeding family I write;
but oh! my pen the tender task denies,
and all the daughter rushes to my eyes:
oft as the paper to my hand I've brought,
that hand still trembled at the shock of thought;
sighs interrupt the story of my woe,
my blushes burn me, and my tears o'erflow;
but nature now insists upon her claim,
strikes the fine nerve, and gives me up to shame;
no more the anxious wish can I restrain,
silent no longer can your child remain;
write, write I must, each hope, each fear declare,
and try, once more, to win a father's care:
scorn not, ah! scorn not then the mournful verse,
revive my blessing and recall my *curse*;
give to a daughter's wrongs one parent sigh,
nor let a mother her *last* prayer deny.

Yet where, oh where, shall I the tale begin,
and where conclude the narrative of sin?
How each dire circumstance of guilt disclose,
unload my breast and open all it's woes?
How to an injur'd parent shall I tell
the arts by which I stray'd, by which I fell?
No common language can the scenes express,
where every line should mark extreme distress;

mere human words unequal all, we find,
to paint the feelings of a wounded mind :
't is not the scribbler's vein, the songster's art,
nor the wild genius of a vacant heart,
't is not the lines that musically flow
to mark the poet's well-imagin'd woe ;
nor all the frolics of the tuneful tribe,
can such a mighty grief as mine describe.

Full oft has scorpion fancy to my view,
imag'd each anguish that a parent knew ;
at midnight's still and searching hour she came,
glar'd round my bed, and chill'd my soul with shame,
crowded each black idea in my sight,
and gloom'd a chaos on the balmy night :

' Behold,' she said, ' on the damp bed of earth,
behold th' unhappy man who gave thee birth ;
in dust he rolls his sorrow-silver'd-hair,
and on each muscle sits intense despair :
see, how the passions vary in his face,
tear his old frame, and testify disgrace :
retir'd from home, in silence to complain
to the pale moon, the veteran tells his pain—
now sinks oppress'd—now sudden starts away—
abhors the night, yet sickens at the day :
and see, thou guilty daughter ! see, and mourn
the 'whelming grief that waits the sire's return !
beneath some black'ning yew's sepulchral gloom,
where pensive sorrow seems to court the tomb,
where tenfold shades repel the light of day,
and ghostly footsteps seem to press the way.
Bent to the ground by mis'ry and by years,
there view thy bleeding mother bath'd in tears ;
her look disorder'd, and her air all wild,
she beats the breast that fed a worthless child :'

and 'oh!' she cries——
'oh, had the fost'ring milk to poison turn'd,
some ague shiver'd; or some fever burn'd;
had death befriended, on the fatal morn
in which these eyes beheld a daughter born;
or had th' Eternal seal'd it's eyes in night;
ere it the barrier knew 'twixt wrong and right,
then had these curses ne'er assail'd my head——
why spring such torments from a lawful bed?'
Now melted, soften'd, gentler, she complains,
rage ebbs away, the tide of love remains:
then how th' affecting tears each other trace,
down the dear furrows of her matron face;
but still the anxious mother brings to light,
scenes of past joy, and innocent delight;
calls to remembrance each infantine bliss,
the cradle's rapture, and the baby's kiss;
each throbbing hope that caught th' embrace sincere,
with every joy that rose in every tear;
the beauteous prospect bright'ning every day,
the father's fondling and the mother's play;—
yet soon she finds again the sad reverse,
till harass'd nature sinks beneath it's curse;
again, more fierce—more mad—she rends her frame,
and loudly brands ALMERIA with her shame!

Here paus'd and shrunk the vision from my view,
but conscience colour'd as the shade withdrew;—
pierc'd to the heart, in agony I lay,
and, all confusion, rose with rising day.

But ah! what hope could morning bring to me,
what, but the mournful privilege to see,
to view the pleasures which I could not share,
and waste the day in solitude and care?
More clearly shone the sun on my disgrace,

and mark'd more plain the blushes on my face.

Then, all enrag'd, I curs'd th' abandon'd hour,
when honour yielded to the traitor's power,
when, rash, I scorn'd the angel voice of Truth,
in all the mad simplicity of youth:
when from a father's arms forlorn I stray'd,
and left a mother's tenderness unpaid;
while nature, duty, precept, all combin'd
to fix obedience on the plastic mind.

Stung at the thought, each vengeance I design'd,
and weary'd Heaven to uncreate mankind;
from room to room distractedly I ran,
the scorn of woman, and the dupe of man.

Alcanor, curst Alcanor! first I sought,
(and as I past a fatal dagger caught)
the smiling villain soon my fury found,
struck at his heart and triumph'd in the wound:

'A ruin'd woman gives,' I cry'd, 'the stroke!'
He reel'd, he fell, he fainted, as I spoke.

But soon as human blood began to flow,
soon as it gush'd, obedient to the blow,
soon as the ruddy stream his cheek forsook,
and death sat struggling in his dying look,
love, and the *woman* all at once return'd;
I felt his anguish, and my rashness mourn'd;
o'er his pale form I heav'd the bursting sigh,
and watch'd the changes of his fading eye;
to stop the crimson tide, my hair I tore,
kiss'd the deep gash, and wash'd with tears the gore.
'T was love, 't was pity—call it what you will,
where the *heart* feels—we all are *women* still.

But low I bent my knees to pitying Heaven,
for his recovery to my prayers was given;
he liv'd—to all the rest I was resign'd,

and murder rack'd no more my tortur'd mind:
he liv'd—but soon with mean perfidious stealth,
forsook his prey and rioted in wealth.

Yet think not now arriv'd the days of joy;
Alcanor flatter'd only to destroy;
alike to blast my body and my mind,
he rob'd me first, then left me to mankind;
soon from his Janus face the mask he tore,
the charm was broke and magic was no more;
the dreadful cheat awhile to hide he strove,
by poor pretences of a partial love,
awhile disguis'd the surfeits of his heart,
and topp'd full well the warm admirer's part,
till tir'd at last with lab'ring to conceal,
and feigning transports which he did not feel,
he turn'd at once so civilly polite,
whate'er I said, indiff'rence made *so right*,
such coldness mark'd his manners and his mein,
my guilt—my ruin—at a glance was seen.

In vain I now assum'd a chaster part,
in vain I struggled with a broken heart,
in vain I try'd to purify my stain,
correct my life, and rise, (reform'd) again:
pleas'd at the hope, from savage man I flew,
and sought protection from each friend I knew;
each friend, at my approach, shrunk back with dread,
and bade me hide my pestilential head:
e'en for the meanest servitude I sought,
but nice suspicion at my figure caught,
my dress too flaunting, or my air too free,
and deep reserve betok'ning mystery;
some frailty rais'd a doubt where'er I came,
and every question flush'd my cheeks with shame;
conscious of guilt, o'ersadow'd by pretence,

't was hard to act the *farce* of innocence.
Oft as I begg'd the lowest servant's place,
the treacherous colour shifted in my face;
the fatal secret glow'd in every look,
trembling I stood, and falt'ringly I spoke.

Next came the views of home into my mind,
with each dear comfort I had left behind;
pardon and pleasure started to my thought,
while hope inspir'd forgiveness of my fault:
but soon, too soon, the sweet ideas fled,
and left me begging at each door for bread:
Yet poor indeed was this support to me,
(ah! had I starv'd on common charity!)
far other woes and suff'rings were in store,
my fame was lost and I could rise no more!
Driven to the dreadful precipice of sin,
my brain swam round the gulph and hurl'd me in!
And now no pen could picture my distress,
't was more, much more than simple wretchedness;
famine and guilt, and conscience tore my heart,
and urg'd me to pursue the wanton's part.
Take the plain truth, and learn at once my shame:—
such my hard fate—I welcom'd all who came.
But oh! no transport mingled with my stains,
no guilty pleasure ever sooth'd my pains;
no vicious hope indelicately gay,
nor warmer passions lull'd my cares away;
the flattering compliment fatigu'd my ear,
while half afraid, I half conceal'd a tear:
whole nights I pass'd insensible of bliss,
lost to the loath'd embrace and odious kiss;
nor wine, nor mirth, the aching heart could fire,
nor could the sprightly music aught inspire;
alive to each reflection that oppress'd,



the more I gain'd, the more I was distress'd ;
e'en in the moment of unblest desire,
oft would the wretch complain I wanted fire ;
cold as a statue in his arms I lay,
wept through the night, and blush'd along the day—
ah ! think what terrors e'er can equal mine !
ah ! think and pity, for I once was thine !

The sweet society of friends was o'er,
for happier women dare invite no more ;
and they, at noon, would meet me with alarms,
who stole at midnight to my venal arms.
My own companions no sweet comfort brought,
a shameful set, incapable of thought ;
their wanton passions ne'er could touch my heart,
for all was looseness, infamy, and art ;
no modest maxims suited to improve,
no soft sensations of a chaster love,
no generous prospects of a soul refin'd,
no worthy lessons of a noble mind
e'er touch'd their bosoms ; harden'd to their state,
charm'd at their arts, and glorying in their fate,
some stroke of frolic was their constant theme,
the dreadful oath, the blasphemy extreme ;
th' affected laugh, the rude-retorted lie,
th' indecent question, and the bold reply ;
e'en in their dress their business I could trace,
and broad was stamp't the harlot on each face ;
o'er every part the shameful trade we spy,
the step audacious, and the rolling eye ;
the smile insidious, and the look obscene,
the air enticing, and the mincing mein.
With these, alas ! a sacrifice I liv'd ;
with these the wages of disgrace receiv'd ;
but Heaven, at length, its vengeance to complete,

drove me—*distemper'd*—to the public street ;
for on a time, when lightning fir'd the air,
and laid the sable breast of midnight bare ;
when rain and wind assail'd th' unshelter'd head,
that sought—in vain—the blessing of a bed,
distress'd, diseas'd, I crawl'd to every door,
and begg'd, with tears, a shelter for the poor !
My knees, at length, unable to sustain
the force of hunger and the weight of rain,
fainting, I fell—then, staggering, rose again—
and wept, and sigh'd, and hop'd, and rav'd again !

Then, nor till then, o'erwhelm'd by sore distress,
to my own hand I look'd for full redress ;
all things were apt, no flatt'rer to beguile,
't was night —'t was dark—occasion seem'd to smile :
where'er I turn'd, destruction rose to view,
and, on reflection, rising frenzy grew.
From foolish love, the knife conceal'd I wore,
that, in my rage, Alcanor's bosom tore ;
thought press'd on thought—th' unsettled senses flew,
as from my breast the fatal blade I drew :
still the stain'd point with crimson spots was dy'd,
and 'this is well—'t is blood for blood !' I cry'd.
Thus did I poise the instrument in air,
bent to the stroke, and laid my bosom bare ;
but ah ! my crimes that instant rose to view,
disarm'd my purpose, my resolves o'erthrew ;
fear shook my hand—I flung the weapon by,
unfit to live—I was not fit to die !

Ah ! wretched woman, she who strays for bread,
and sells the sacred pleasures of the bed ;
condemn'd to shifts her reason must despise,
the scorn and pity of the good and wise ;
condemn'd each call of passion to obey,



and in despite of nature to be gay ;
to force a simper, with a throbbing heart,
and call to aid the feeble helps of art ;
oblig'd to suffer each impure excess,
the slave of fancy and the drudge of dress ;
compell'd to suit her temper to each taste,
scorn'd if too wanton, hated if too chaste ;
forc'd with the public whimsy to comply,
as veers the gale of modern luxury ;
and oft the afflicted creature must sustain
strokes more severe, yet tremble to complain :
the felon bawd, a dreadful beast of prey,
rules o'er her subjects with despotic sway,
trucks for the human form, with fatal power,
and bargains for her beauties by the hour.
But should some female in her dangerous train,
attend the altar of her shame with pain,
dispute at length the monster's base controul,
and dare 't assert the scruples of her soul ;
should she reluctant yield to the disgrace,
and shew the signs of sorrow in her face,
th' imperious abbess frowns her into vice,
and hates the sinner that grows over nice.

But hear, yet hear your hapless daughter's plea ;—
some little pity still is due to me.

If to have felt each agony of mind,
to bear the stings which conscience leaves behind ;
if on each morn to shudder at the light,
dread the fair day, and fear the coming night ;
if, like a thief, of every eye afraid,
anxious I sought the blush-concealing shade ;
if my sad bosom, bursting with its weight,
bled and bewail'd the hardships of my fate ;
if to have known no Joys, and known all pains,

can ought avail to purge my former stains,
judge not your child, your suppliant, too severe,
but veil her frailties and bestow a tear.

Yet has Almeria a juster claim,
to seal her pardon and to close her shame;
each earlier trespass nobler to remove,
and hope again the sanction of your love.
These holy mansions,* sacred to our woes,
to screen from scorn, and hide us from our foes:
gradual the fallen woman to retrieve,
reform the manners, and the mind relieve;
from barb'rous man to shield his hapless prey,
expunge the blot, and chace the blush away;
to sooth each sorrow by the power of prayer,
and half supply a parent's pious care;
to lull the flutt'ring pulses to repose,
each pang to soften, and each wish compose;
wean us from scenes which fatally misguide,
and teach the breast to glow with nobler pride;
these holy mansions have receiv'd your child,
and there she mourns each passion that beguil'd,
Thrice has the sun his annual beams bestow'd,
and found me here determin'd to be good;
already feels my heart a lighter grief,
and each white minute brings me fresh relief:
or if, by chance, my sorrows I renew,
half claim my crimes, and half belong to you;
here then for ever, secret and resign'd,
here for it's God will I prepare my mind;
here pass, conceal'd, my penitential days,
and lead a life of piety and praise.

Come then, thou lovely patroness of fame,
thou bright restorer of a ruin'd name,

* The Magdalen Hospitals.

come, fair Repentance! o'er each thought preside,
patient I follow such a heavenly guide;
to all thy laws implicitly I bend,
and call thee Sister! Saviour! Genius! Friend!
Oh! let me breathe the solemn vow sincere,
oh! let Religion consecrate each tear!
then should long life be mercifully given,
the soul repair'd, may dare to think of heaven;
then cleans'd from every dark and Ethiop stain,
Virtue, that dove of peace, shall come again,
with smoothest wings resettle on my breast,
and open prospects of eternal rest.

And yet, before that golden hour arrive,
oh! would my injur'd relatives forgive;
oh! could they see this happier turn of fate,
and view their Magdalen's far chaster state,—
then would they fondly close her fading eye,
bless her last breath, and bid her peaceful die!

THE PENITENT MOTHER.

BY MISS HOLCROFT.

Repose, sweet babe! thy crying cease;
for thine's an age of truth and peace;
kind love thy infant days shall rear,
tho' love has planted daggers here.

Disgrace and grief benight my brow,
fond victim of a perjur'd vow;
a vile seducer's guileful art
betray'd my unsuspecting heart.

'T was he destroy'd my spotless fame,
but thou shalt long survive my shame;

for when in death I sleep at rest,
the world will cease to wound th' oppress'd.
Then hush, sweet babe! thy cries give o'er,
distract my tortur'd breast no more;
for love thy infant days shall rear,
and grant my hapless tale a tear.

STANZAS,

BY MISS ELIZA RYVES.

A new-fallen lamb, as mild Emmeline past,
in pity she turn'd to behold,
how it shiver'd and shrunk from the merciless blast,
then fell all benumb'd with the cold.
She rais'd it, and touch'd by the innocent's fate,
it's soft form to her bosom she prest;
but the tender relief, was afforded too late,
it bleated, and dy'd on her breast.
The moralist then, as the corse she resign'd,
and weeping, spring-flowers o'er it laid:
thus mus'd, 'So it fares with the delicate mind;
to the tempests of fortune betray'd:
too tender, like thee, the rude shock to sustain,
and deny'd the relief which would save;
'tis lost, and when pity and kindness are vain,
thus we dress the poor sufferer's grave.'

THE MAID OF THE INN:

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly fix'd eyes
 seem a heart overcharg'd to express;
 she weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs;
 she never complains, but her silence implies
 the composure of settled distress.

No aid, no compassion, the maniac will seek,
 cold and hunger awake not her care:
 through her rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak,
 on her poor wither'd bosom half bare, and her cheek
 has the deathly pale hue of despair.

Yet cheerful and happy, not distant the day,
 poor Mary the maniac has been;
 the traveller remembers, who journey'd this way,
 no damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay,
 as Mary, the maid of the inn.

Her cheerful address fill'd the guests with delight,
 as she welcom'd them in with a smile:
 her heart was a stranger to childish affright,
 and Mary would walk by the abbey at night,
 when the wind whistl'd down the dark aisle.

She lov'd, and young Richard had settled the day,
 and she hop'd to be happy for life;
 but Richard was idle, and worthless, and they
 who knew him, would pity poor Mary, and say,
 that she was too good for his wife.

'T was autumn, and stormy, and dark was the night,
 and fast were the windows and doors;



two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright,
and smoaking in silence, with tranquil delight;
they listen'd to hear the wind roar.

‘ ’T is pleasant,’ cry’d one, ‘ seated by the fire-side,
to hear the wind whistle without.’

‘ A fine night for the Abbey!’ his comrade reply’d,
‘ methinks a man’s courage would now be well try’d,
who should wander the ruins about.

‘ I myself, like a school-boy, should tremble to hear
the hoarse ivy shake over my head;
and could fancy I saw, half persuaded by fear,
some ugly old abbot’s white spirit appear,
for this wind might awaken the dead!’

‘ I’ll wager a dinner,’ the other one cry’d
‘ that Mary would venture there now.’

‘ Then wager and lose!’ with a sneer he reply’d,
‘ I’ll warrant she’d fancy a ghost by her side,
and faint if she saw a white cow.’

‘ Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?’
his companion exclaim’d with a smile;

‘ I shall win, for I know she will venture there now,
and earn a new bonnet, by bringing a bough
from the elder that grows in the aisle.’

With fearless good humour did Mary comply,
and her way to the Abbey she bent;

the night it was dark, and the wind it was high;
and as hollowly howling it swept through the sky,
oh! she shiver’d with cold as she went.

O’er the path, so well-known, still proceeded the maid
where the Abbey rose dim on the sight;
through the gateway she enter’d, she felt not afraid,
yet the ruins were lonely and wild, and their shade
seem’d to deepen the gloom of the night.

—♦—♦—♦—
All around her was silent, save when the rude blast
howl'd dismally round the old pile;
over weed-cover'd fragment still fearless she past,
and arriv'd at the innermost ruin at last,
where the elder tree grew in the aisle.

Well pleas'd did she reach it; and quickly drew near,
then hastily gather'd a bough;
then the sound of a voice seem'd to rise on her ear,—
she paus'd, and she listen'd, all eager to hear,
and her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew, the hoarse ivy shook over her head;
she listen'd—nought else could she hear.
The wind ceas'd, her heart sunk in her bosom with
dread,

for she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
of footsteps approaching her near.

Behind a wide column, half breathless with fear,
she crept, to conceal herself there;
that instant the moon o'er a dark cloud shone clear,
and she saw in the moonlight two ruffians appear,
and between them a corse did they bear.

Then Mary could feel her heart blood curdl'd cold!
again the rough wind hurry'd by;—
it blew off the hat of the one, and behold—
e'en close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd:—
she felt—and expected to die.

'Curse the hat!' he exclaims: 'nay come on and hide
the dead body,' his comrade replies;
she beheld them, in safety, pass on by her side,
she seizes the hat, fear her courage supply'd,
and fast through the Abbey she flies.

She ran with wild speed, she rush'd in at the door,

she gaz'd horribly eager around,
 then her limbs could support their faint burden no
 more,
 and exhausted and breathless she sunk on the floor,
 unable to utter a sound.

Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart,
 for a moment the hat met her view ;—
 her eyes from their sockets convulsively start,
 —for, O, God ! what cold horror then thrill'd through
 her heart,
 when the name of her Richard she knew.

* * * *

Where the old Abbey stands, on the common hard
 by,
 his gibbet is now to be seen ;
 not far from the road it engages the eye,
 the traveller beholds it, and thinks, with a sigh,
 of poor Mary, the maid of the inn.

ON THE DEATH OF A FAVOURITE OLD SPANIEL.

BY THE SAME.

And they have drown'd thee then at last ! poor
 Phillis !
 the burden of old age was heavy on thee,
 and yet thou should'st have liv'd ! what tho' thine eye
 was dim, and watch'd no more with eager joy
 the wonted call that on thy dull sense sunk
 with fruitless repetition, the warm sun
 would still have cheer'd thy slumber, thou did'st love
 to lick the hand that fed thee, and tho' past
 youth's active season, even life itself
 was comfort. Poor old friend ! most earnestly



would I have pleaded for thee: thou hadst been still the companion of my childish sports, and, as I roam'd o'er Avon's woody cliffs, from many a day-dream has thy short quick bark recall'd my wandering soul. I have beguil'd often the melancholy hours at school, sour'd by some little tyrant, with the thought of distant home, and I remember'd then thy faithful fondness: for not mean the joy, returning at the pleasant holydays, I felt from thy dumb welcome. Pensively sometimes have I remark'd thy slow decay, feeling myself chang'd too, and musing much on many a sad vicissitude of life!

Ah, poor companion! when thou followedst last thy master's parting footsteps to the gate that clos'd for ever on him, thou didst lose thy truest friend, and none was left to plead for the old age of brute fidelity!

But fare thee well! mine is no narrow creed, and he who gave thee being did not frame the mystery of life to be the sport of merciless man! there is another world for all that live and move—a better one! where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine infinite Goodness to the little bounds of their own charity, may envy thee!

THE PAUPER'S FUNERAL.

BY THE SAME.

What ! and not one to heave the pious sigh !
not one whose sorrow-swoln and aching eye
for social scenes, for life's endearments, fled,
shall drop a tear and dwell upon the dead !
Poor wretched outcast ! I will weep for thee,
and sorrow for forlorn humanity.

Yes I will weep, but not that thou art come
to the stern Sabbath of the silent tomb :
for squallid Want, and the black scorpion Care,
heart-withering fiends ! shall never enter there.
I sorrow for the ills thy life has known,
as through the world's long pilgrimage, alone,
haunted by poverty, and woe-begone,
unlov'd, unfriended, thou didst journey on :
thy youth in ignorance and labour past,
and thine old age all barrenness and blast !
Hard was thy fate, which while it doom'd to woe,
denied thee wisdom to support the blow ;
and robb'd of all it's energy thy mind,
ere yet it cast thee on thy fellow-kind,
abject of thought, the victim of distress,
to wander in the world's wide wilderness.

Poor outcast ! sleep in peace ! the wintry storm
blows bleak no more on thy unshelter'd form ;
thy woes are past ;—thou retest in the tomb ;—
I pause—and ponder on the days to come.

THE FUNERAL.

BY THE SAME.

The coffin, as we past across the lane,
came sudden on our view. It was not here
a sight of every day, as in the streets
of the great city ; and we paused and ask'd
who 't was the grave was open to receive ?
A village girl, they told us, who had borne
an eighteen months strange illness, and had pin'd
with such slow wasting, that the hour of death
came on most welcome. Then we pursu'd our way
to th' house of mirth, and with that idle talk
which passes o'er the mind and is forgot,
we wore away the time. It was calm eve
when homewardly we bent, and in the air
was that soft freshness, that discolouring shade
which favours cool reflection. Then we heard,
over the vale, the heavy toll of death
sound slow ; and of the dead we question'd more.
It was a sorrowful and simple tale.
She bore unhusbanded, a mother's name,
and he who should have cherish'd her, far off
sail'd on the seas, self-exil'd from his home,
for he was poor. Left thus forlorn and wretched,
Scorn made a mock of her, and evil tongues
were busy with her name. She had one ill
more heavy still ; it was neglect from him
whom she had lov'd so dearly. *Once* he wrote ;
but only once that drop of comfort came
to mingle with her cup of wretchedness ;
and when his parents had some tidings from him,



there was no mention of poor Hannah there ;
or, 't was the cold enquiry, bitterer
than silence. So she pin'd and pin'd away,
and, for herself and baby, toil'd and toil'd,
then sunk with very weakness. Her old mother
omitted no kind office, for she work'd
most hard, and with hard working barely earn'd
enough to make life struggle. Thus she lay
on the sick bed of poverty, so worn
with her long suffering and that painful thought
that at her heart lay rankling, and so weak,
that she could make no effort to express
affection for her infant ; and the child,
whose lisping love had often solac'd her,
became as one indiff'rent. But she was
then past anguish, for her last hour drew on,
and 't was her only comfort now to think
upon the grave. 'Poor girl!' her mother said,
'thou hast borne much!' 'Aye, mother! there are
none
can tell what I have suffer'd!' she reply'd,
'but I shall soon be where the weary rest.'
And she did rest her soon, for it pleas'd God
to take her to his mercy.

"Poems."

LUBIN AND HIS DOG TRAY.

BY G. D. HARLEY.

Young Lubin was a shepherd boy,
 and watch'd a rigid master's sheep;
 he many a night was heard to sigh,
 and many a day was seen to weep:
 for not a lambkin ere was lost,
 or wether stray'd to field remote,
 but Lubin ever was to blame,
 nor careful he, nor penn'd his cote.
 Yet not a trustier lad was known
 to climb the promontory's brow;
 nor yet a tend'rer heart e'er beat
 beside the brook in vale below.
 From him stern winter's drifting snow,
 it's pelting sleet or frost severe,
 or scorching summer's sultry ray,
 ne'er forc'd a murmur or a tear.
 For ah! the varying seasons had
 to every hardship steel'd his frame,
 tho' still his tender feeling heart,
 by nature nurs'd, remain'd the same.
 But whither shall the orphan fly
 to meet protection's forst'ring power?
 oppression waits the future day,
 when mis'ry marks the natal hour.
 An orphan lad poor Lubin was,
 no friend or relative had he;
 his happiest hour was dash'd with woe;
 his mildest treatment—tyranny!

It chanc'd that o'er the boundless heath
one winter's day his flocks had spread,
by hunger urg'd to seek the blade,
that lurk'd beneath it's snowy bed.
And hous'd at eve his fleecy charge,
he, sorrowing miss'd a fav'rite lamb,
that shun'd the long persisting search,
nor answer'd to it's bleating dam.
With heavy heart he shap'd his way,
and told so true, so sad a tale,
as almost pierc'd the marble heart
of ruthless Rufus of the vale,
Loor Lubin own'd his flocks had stray'd;
own'd he had suffer'd them to go;
yes; he had learn'd to pity them,
for often he had hunger'd too.
And had he, to their pinching wants,
the unnipt neighb'ring bounds deny'd;
they sure had droop'd; as surely too,
the pitying shepherd boy had dy'd.
'Then die!' th' unfeeling master said;
and spurn'd him from his closing door;
which, till he found his fav'rite lamb,
he vow'd should ne'er admit him more.
Dark was the night; and o'er the heath,
the whistling winds did fiercely blow;
and 'gainst his poor unshelter'd head,
with arrowy keenness came the snow.
The small thick snow that Eurus drives
in freezing fury o'er the plain;
and, with unsparing vengeance, scores
the callous face of hardiest swain.
Yet thus he left his master's house,
and shap'd his sad uncertain way,



by man unnotic'd and forsook,
and follow'd but by trusty Tray.
Poor trusty Tray! a faithful dog—
Lubin and he were young together:
still would they grace each other's side,
whate'er the time—whate'er the weather.
Unlike to worldly friends were they,
who separate in Fortune's blast;
they still were near when fair the sky,
but nearer still when overcast.
When Lubin's random step involv'd
his body 'neath the drifted snow,
Tray help'd him forth; and when Tray fell,
poor Lubin dragg'd him from below.
Thus 'midst the horrors of the night;
they enter'd on the houseless heath;
above their heads no comfort broke,
nor round about, nor underneath.
No little cheering star they saw,
to light them on their dreary way;
nor yet the distant twinkling blaze
of cottage industry saw they;
nay e'en that most officious guide
of those who roam—of those who mope,
retiring Will o' Wisp refus'd
to trim the lamp of treach'rous Hope.
No parish bell was heard to strike
the hour of "tardy gaited night;"
no noise but winds and screams of those
ill-omen'd birds that shun the light.
Benumb'd at length his stiffen'd joints,
his tongue to Tray could scarcely speak;
his tears congeal'd to icicles,
his hair hung clatt'ring 'gainst his cheek.

As thus he felt his falt'ring limbs
give omen of approaching death,
Aurora from her eastern hill
rush'd forth and stay'd his fleeting breath.
And shew'd to his imperfect sight
the harmless cause of all his woe:—
his little lambkin, cold and stiff!
stretch'd on its bed of glist'ning snow.
His heart's best chord was yet in tune,
unsnap'd by cold severity;
touch'd was that chord—his dim eye beam'd;
suffus'd with sensibility.
'Tis just,' he said, 'that where thou ly'st,
the careless shepherd boy should lie;
thou dy'dst, poor fool! for want of food;
I fall—for suff'ring thee to die!
But oh! my master,'—broken—short—
was every half word now he spoke—
'severe has been thy constant will,
and harder still thy galling yoke.
But yet "in all my best," have I
without a plaint my hardships bore:—
Rufus! may all thy pangs be past—
master!—my suff'rings are no more!
A warmer couch hast thou to press,
secure from cramping frosts thy feet;
and couldst thou boast so free a breast,
thou yet might'st die a death as sweet.
My trusty dog—that wistful look
is all that makes my poor heart heave;
but hie thee home—proclaim me dead,
forget to think—and cease to grieve!
So saying, shrunk the hapless youth
into the cold embrace of death;



and clasping poor Tray's shaggy neck,
sigh'd gently forth his parting breath!
His faithful, fond, sagacious dog,
hung watchful o'er his master's clay;
and many a moan the old fool made;
and many a thing he strove to say.
He paw'd him with his hard-worn foot;
he lick'd him with his scarce warm tongue;
his cold nose strove to catch his breath
as to his cold lips close it clung.
But not a sign of lurking life
through all his frame was found to creep;
he knew not what it was to die,
but knew his master did not sleep.
For still had he his slumbers watch'd
through many a long and dismal night,
and rous'd him from his pallet hard,
to meet his toil ere morning light.
And well his brain remember'd yet,
he never patter'd towards his bed;
or lodg'd his long face on his cheek,
but strait he stirr'd, or rais'd his head.
Yes, he remember'd, and with tears,
his loving master's kind replies,
when dumbly he contriv'd to say,—
'The cock has crow'd, my master, rise.'
But now, the paw, the scratch, the whine,
to howlings chang'd, alone can tell
the sufferings of instinctive love,
when fruitless prov'd its humble spell.
Great grief assail'd his untaught heart;
and quickly laid it's victim low;
his master's cheek his pillow cold:—
their common bed the colder snow!



THE OLD SHEPHERD'S DOG.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

The old shepherd's dog, like his master, was gray ;
his teeth all departed, and feeble his tongue ;
yet where'er Corin went, he was follow'd by Tray ;
thus happy through life did they hobble along.
When, fatigu'd, on the grass the old shepherd would lie,
or a nap in the sun,—'midst his slumbers so sweet,
his faithful companion crawl'd constantly nigh,
plac'd his head on his lap, or lay down at his feet.
When winter was heard on the hill and the plain,
and torrents descended, and cold was the wind,
if Corin went forth 'midst the tempests and rain,
Tray scorn'd to be left in the chimney behind.
At length in the straw Tray made his last bed ;
for vain, against death, is the stoutest endeavour—
to lick Corin's hand he rear'd up his weak head,
then fell back, clos'd his eyes, and, ah ! clos'd them
for ever.

Not long after Tray did the shepherd remain,
who oft o'er his grave with true sorrow would bend ;
and, when dying, thus feebly was heard the poor
swain,

' O bury me, neighbours beside my old Friend !'

" Pindariana."



ELEGY,

supposed to have been written on the burying vault of an ancient family.

BY MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

Sigh not, ye winds, as passing o'er
the chambers of the dead you fly;
weep not, ye dews, for these no more
shall ever weep, shall ever sigh!

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
how still it lies within the breast!

Why mourn? since death presents us peace,
and in the grave our sorrows cease.

The shatter'd bark, from adverse winds,
rest in this peaceful haven finds;
and, when the storms of life are past,
Hope drops her anchor here at last.



CORINNA'S EPITAPH.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

Here sleeps what was innocence once, but it's snows
were sullied and trod with disdain;
here lies what was beauty, but pluck'd was it's rose,
and flung like a weed to the plain.

O pilgrim, look down on her grave with a sigh,
who fell the sad victim of *art*;
e'en Cruelty's self must bid her hard eye
a pearl of compassion impart.

Ah! think not, ye prudes, that a sigh or a tear,
can offend of all nature the God;

lo! Virtue already has mourn'd at her bier,
and the lily will bloom on her sod.

“Tales of the Hoy,”



ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

The peace of heaven attend thy shade,
my early friend! my fav'rite maid!
When life was young, companions gay,
we hail'd the morning of each day.
Ah! with what joy did I behold
the bud of beauty fair unfold;
and fear'd no storm to blast thy bloom,
or bring thee to an early tomb.
Alas! the cheek where beauty glow'd,
the heart where goodness overflow'd,
a clod amid the valley lies,
and "dust to dust," the mourner cries.
From all thy kindred early torn,
and to the grave untimely borne;
vanish'd for ever from my view,
thou sister of my soul! adieu!
Full oft our first ideas twin'd,
and oft thy image meets my mind;
and when remembrance brings thee near,
affection soft will shed a tear.
Alas! how sorrow bends the head
long ere we rest among the dead!
I've not attain'd my manly prime,
yet oft have wept the wrecks of time;
oft tragic tears bedew my eye.
What deaths we suffer ere we die!
Our broken friendship I deplore,
and loves of youth, which are no more.



ON QUITTING —.

Dear rural scenes! where oft I've stray'd,
in summer's lucid prime;
with Phœbe rambled in the shade,
while converse cheer'd the time.

A long adieu stern fate commands
to every joyous theme,
a long sojourn in parted lands
checks Hope's fond fervid dream.

O did my Phœbe's taste refin'd
my social hours engage,
such intercourses of the mind
would smooth life's rugged stage.

Oh let me think we yet, ere late,
in friendship link'd may be;

to reason live, and cultivate
serene philosophy;

for what can mere existence give?
congenial hearts alone

can only prove what't is to live,
when two thus join in one.

Friendship, with all it's sacred powers
has often sooth'd my heart;

but musing o'er past happy hours,
I mourn that thus we part.

No sinister designs or arts

intrude to check my care;

our minds are truly counterparts,
and bliss e'er centres there.

I trust thy heart can never range,
for honour rules thy mind;

and I despise the thought of change,
my hope's to thee confin'd.

A WINTER PIECE.

ATTRIBUTED TO DR. AIKIN.

It was a winter's evening, and fast came down the
snow,

and keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast did blow,
when a damsel all forlorn, quite bewilder'd in her way,
prest her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did say :

' Oh ! cruel was my father, who shut his door on me,
and cruel was my mother, that such a sight could see !
and cruel is the wintry wind that chills my heart with
cold,

but crueller than all, the lad that left my love for gold !

' Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in
my breast :

ah little thinks thy father how sadly we're distress ;
for cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
he'd shield us in his arms from this bitter piercing air.

' Cold, cold, my dearest jewel ! thy little life is gone :
oh let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down :
my tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before
they fall :

ah wretched, wretched mother ! thou'rt now bereft
of all.'

Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted
snow,

and, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud her
woe :

she kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her side ;
then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head,
and died.



THE IDEOT.

The circumstance related in the following lines happened in Herefordshire.

It had pleased God to form poor Ned,
a thing of ideot mind,
yet to the poor unreasoning man
God had not been unkind.

Old Sarah lov'd her helpless child,
whom helplessness made dear,
and life was happiness to him,
who had no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
each half-artic'late call,
and he was every thing to her,
and she to him was all.

And so for many a year thy dwelt,
nor knew a wish beside,
but age at length on Sarah came,
and she fell sick and died.

He tried, in vain to waken her,
and call'd her o'er and o'er,
they told him she was dead—the sound
to him no import bore.

They clos'd her eyes and shrouded her,
and he stood wond'ring by,
and when they bore her to the grave,
he follow'd silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
they sung the fun'ral stave;
but when the fun'ral train dispers'd,
he loiter'd by the grave.



The rabble boys, who us'd to jeer
whene'er they saw poor Ned,
now stood and watch'd him at the grave,
and not a word they said.

They came and went and came again,
till night at last came on,
and still he loiter'd by the grave,
till all the rest were gone.

And when he found himself alone,
he swift remov'd the clay,
and rais'd the coffin up in haste,
and bore it swift away.

And when he reach'd his hut, he laid
the coffin on the floor,
and with the eagerness of joy,
he bar'd the cottage door.

And out he took his mother's corpse,
and plac'd it in her chair,
and then he heap'd the hearth, and blew
the kindling fire with care.

He plac'd his mother in her chair,
and in her wonted place,
and blew the kindling fire, that shone
reflected on her face.

And pausing now, her hand would feel,
and now her face behold,
'Why, mother, do you look so pale,
and why are you so cold?'

It had pleas'd God from the poor wretch
his only friend to call,
but God was kind to him, and soon
in death restor'd him all.



MY NATIVE HOME.

BY MARY ROBINSON.

O'er breezy hill or woodland glade,
 at morning's dawn or closing day,
 in summer's flaunting pomp array'd,
 or pensive moonlight's silver gray,
 the wretch in sadness still shall roam,
 who wanders from his *native home*.

While at the foot of some old tree,
 as meditation soothes his mind,
 lull'd by the hum of wandering bee,
 or rippling stream, or whisp'ring wind,
 his vagrant fancy still shall roam,
 and lead him to his *native home*.

Tho' Love a fragrant couch may weave,
 and Fortune heap the festive board,
 still Mem'ry oft would turn to grieve,
 and Reason scorn the splendid hoard;
 while he beneath the proudest dome,
 would languish for his *native home*.

To him the rushy roof is dear,
 and sweetly calm the darkest glen;
 while pomp, and pride, and power appear,
 at best the glitt'ring plagues of men;
 unsought by those who never roam
 forgetful of their *native home*.

Let me to summer shades retire,
 with Meditation and the Muse;
 or round the social winter fire,
 the glow of temper'd mirth diffuse;



tho' winds may howl and waters foam,
I still shall bless my *native home*.

And oh ! when youth's extatic hour,
and passion's glowing noon are past ;
should age behold the tempest low'r,
and sorrow blow it's keenest blast,
my shade, no longer doom'd to roam,
shall find the GRAVE a *peaceful home*.

From the novel of " Walsingham."



EPITAPH.

Farewel, dear maid ! in youthful bloom,
we yield thee to the silent tomb.
To Nature's laws we all must bend,
why then lament *thy* early end ?
Like thine, sweet shade ! *our* fleeting day
will transient gleam, then pass away.
What, tho' thou 'rt hidden from our view,
Fancy thy form shall oft renew.
Thy innocence, unstain'd by art ;
thy bounteous hand ; thy candid heart ;
thy soft affection ; friendship kind ;
and all the virtues of thy mind,
shall still a pensive pleasure give,
and in our fond remembrance live.

Altered from a tombstone in Mill-hill chapel yard, Leeds,



AN ADDRESS

to the Audience of Liverpool Theatre, occasioned by the sudden Death of
JOHN PALMER,

which happened on Thursday Aug. 2, 1798, whilst he was performing the
part of the *Stranger*, in the play which bears that title;

WRITTEN BY MR. ROSCOE,

and spoken by Mr. Holman, when the tragedy of "Hamlet" was per-
formed for the benefit of Palmer's children.

Ye airy sprites, who oft as Fancy calls,
sport midst the precincts of these haunted walls!
light forms! that float in mirth's tumultuous throng,
and frolic, dance, and revelry, and song,
fold your gay wings, repress your wonted fire,
and from your fav'rite seats awhile retire.

—And thou, whose powers sublimer thoughts impart,
queen of the springs which move the human heart,
with change alternate, at whose magic call,
the swelling tides of passion rise or fall;

thou too withdraw—for 'midst thy lov'd abode,
with step more stern, a mightier power has trod.

—Here, on this spot, to every eye confest,
inrob'd with terrors stood the kingly guest.

—Here, on this spot, Death wav'd th' unerring dart,
and struck his noblest prize—AN HONEST HEART!

What wond'rous links the human feelings bind!
how strong the secret sympathies of mind!
as Fancy's pictur'd forms around us move,
we hope, or fear, rejoice, detest, or love:
nor heaves the sigh for selfish woes alone,
congenial sorrows mingle with our own:
hence as the poet's raptur'd eye-balls roll,
the fond delirium seizes all his soul;

and whilst his pulse concordant measure keeps,
he smiles in transport, or in anguish weeps.
—But ah ! lamented shade ! not thine to know
the anguish only of imagin'd woe ;
destin'd o'er life's substantial ills to mourn,
and fond parental ties, untimely torn :
then, whilst thy bosom, labouring with it's grief,
from fabled sorrows sought a short relief,
the fancied woes, too true to nature's tone,
burst the slight barrier, and became thy own ;
in mingl'd tides the swelling passions ran,
absorb'd the actor, and o'erwhelm'd the man !
martyr of sympathy, more sadly true,
than ever Fancy feign'd, or poet drew !

Say, why by Heaven's acknowledg'd hand imprest,
such keen sensations actuate all the breast ?
why throbs the heart for joys that long have fled ?
why lingers hope around the silent dead ?
why spurns the spirit it's incumb'ring clay,
and longs to soar to happier realms away ?
Does Heaven, unjust, the fond desire instill,
to add to mortal woes another ill ?

Is there through all the intellectual frame,
no kindred mind that prompts the nightly dream ?
or, in lone musings of remembrance sweet,
inspires the secret wish—once more to meet ?

—There is—for not by more determin'd laws
the sympathetic steel the magnet draws,
then the freed spirit acts with strong controul,
on it's responsive sympathies of soul ;
and tells, in characters of truth unfurl'd,
—*There is another, and a better world.*

Yet, whilst we sorrowing tread this earthly ball,
for human woes a human tear will fall.

—Blest be that tear— who gives it, doubly blest :
which heals with balm the orphans' wounded breast ;
not all that breathes in morning's genial dew,
revives the parent plant where once it grew ;
yet may those dews, with timely nurture, aid
the infant flow'rets drooping in the shade ;
whilst long experienc'd worth, and manners mild,
a father's merits—still protect his child.



Altho' the suddenness of Mr. Palmer's death was an event truly melancholy in itself, the circumstances which preceded and accompanied it, render it infinitely more so than it otherwise would have been. Mr. Palmer received on the morning of the day on which he was to have performed the "Stranger," for the *first* time, the distressing intelligence of the death of his second son ; a youth, in whom his tenderest hopes were centred, and whose amiable manners had brought into action the tenderest affections of a parent. The play, in consequence of this, was deferred till the Friday following, during which interval, he had, in vain, endeavoured to calm the agitation of his mind. The success with which he performed the part, called for a second representation.

On Sunday, July 29, when dining with a party of his friends, he appeared in low spirits, and in the course of the conversation he remarked to Mr. Hurst, who complained of being drowsy after meals, that he feared his own afflictions (alluding to the recent losses of his wife and son) would very shortly bring him to the grave. For some days he seemed to bear up against those trying misfortunes with much resolution, and, on the Wednesday fol-



lowing performed the part of Young Wilding, in the "Lyar," with a considerable degree of spirit.

On Thursday morning he appeared dejected, and the efforts of his friends in rousing him from melancholy were nearly ineffectual. In the evening, however, he appeared in the character of the Stranger, and in the two first acts exerted himself with great effect.

In the fourth act, Baron Steinfort obtains an interview with the Stranger, whom he discovers to be his old friend.—He prevails on him to relate the cause of his seclusion from the world:—in this relation, the feelings of Mr. Palmer were visibly much agitated, and, at the moment he mentioned his wife and children, he fell lifeless on the stage! Mr. Whitfield, who personated Baron Steinfort, and was with Palmer on the stage, has given the following particulars: "A few minutes before he was called to go on for the scene in which he died, I enquired of him how he was? he answered, "Very poorly." He performed his part more correctly through the whole than before, but was more loud in the passage descriptive of false friends. Here his voice seemed to crack, and at the end of the speech, he struck his head with great force; then crossed me from the right to the left. The two short speeches which followed, were uttered faintly, but not more so than appeared proper. After I put the question, "Why did you not keep your children? they might have amused you in many a dreary hour," he turned to reply, and for about the space of ten seconds, he paused, as if waiting for the prompter to give him the word, and then put out his right hand, as if going to take hold of mine. It dropped, as if to support his fall, but it had no power. In that instant he fell, but not at

full length; he crouched in falling, so that his head did not strike on the stage with great violence. He never breathed after; and I think I may venture to say, he died without a pang."

The audience supposed, for a moment, that his fall was nothing more than a studied addition to the part; but on seeing him carried off in deadly stiffness, the utmost astonishment and terror sat on every countenance.

The corpse was conveyed from the stage into the scene room. Medical assistance was immediately procured: his veins were opened, but they yielded not a single drop of blood; and every other means of resuscitation was had recourse to without effect. The gentlemen of the faculty, finding every means ineffectual, formally announced his death. The piercing shrieks of the women, and the heavy sighs of the men, which succeeded this melancholy announcement, exceeded the power of language to describe. The surgical operations upon the body continued about an hour, after which he was carried home to his lodgings on a bier, where a regular inventory was immediately taken of his property. Mr. Aickin, the manager, came on the stage to announce the melancholy event to the audience, but so completely overcome with grief as to be incapable of uttering a sentence, and was at length forced to retire without being able to make himself understood. Incledon then came forward, and mustered sufficient resolution to communicate the dreadful circumstance. The house was instantly evacuated in mournful silence, and the people, forming themselves into parties, contemplated the fatal occurrence in the open square till a late hour next morning. Doctors Mitchell and Currie gave it as their opin-

ion, that he certainly died of a broken heart, in consequence of the family afflictions which he had lately experienced. The house shut up on this occasion till Monday, when his funeral took place. The body was interred at the neighbouring village of Walton, about three miles from Liverpool. It was committed to a grave seven feet deep, dug in a rock. A stone was directed to be placed at the head of his grave with the following inscription.

“There is another and a better world.”

Palmer was in the fifty-seventh year of his age. He left eight children, who, in the course of a few months, lost a father, mother, brother, and uncle.

It is not necessary to write an eulogy on his character as an actor whose merits were universally acknowledged. Palmer was long considered as one of the best of performers. In his manners he was the most perfect gentleman; and the feelings of his heart were such as the circumstances which have been already related forbid that we should mention again. One consolation is left, which he so emphatically expressed immediately before his death, that “There is another and a better world.” At the play, humanely performed for the benefit of Palmer’s surviving family, the receipts amounted to four hundred pounds, which sum was appropriated to their use, without any deduction.

“Life is a poor player,
who struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
and then is heard no more!”

The Liverpool Newspapers—“Monthly Mirror.”



THE WINTER'S WALK.

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL. D.

Behold, my fair, where'er we rove,
 what dreary prospects round us rise;
 the naked hill, the leafless grove,
 the hoary ground, the frowning skies!
 Not only through the wasted plain,
 stern Winter, is thy force confess'd,
 still wider spreads thy horrid reign,
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.
 Enlivening hope, and fond desire,
 resign the heart to spleen and care,
 scarce frightened love maintains her fire,
 and rapture saddens to despair.
 In groundless hope and causeless fear,
 unhappy man! behold thy doom;
 still changing with the changeful year,
 the slave of sunshine and of gloom.
 Tir'd with vain joys and false alarms,
 with mental and corporeal strife,
 snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,
 and screen me from the ills of life.

EPITAPH ON CLAUDIUS PHILIPS,

an itinerant poor Musician.

This epitaph has been ascribed to Dr. Johnson, but was written by Mr. Garrick. See *European Mag.* Jan. 1785.

Philips! whose touch harmonious could remove
 the pangs of guilty power and hapless love,
 rest here, distress'd by poverty no more,
 here find that calm thou gav'st so oft before;
 sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,
 till angels wake thee with a note like thine.





EPITAPH,

in Downton Church-yard, Shropshire.

Here, mould'ring in the cold embrace of death,
 what once was elegance and beauty, lies;
 mute is the music of her tuneful breath,
 and quench'd the radiance of her sparkling eyes.
 A prey to ling'ring malady she fell,
 ere yet her form had lost it's vernal bloom.
 Her virtues, Misery, oft reliev'd, may tell;
 the rest, let silent Charity entomb,
 nor suffer busy, unrelenting zeal,
 e'en here, her gentle frailties to pursue.
 Let Envy turn from what it cannot feel,
 and Malice rev'rence what it never knew:
 but should the justice of the good and wise
 condemn her faults, with judgment too severe,
 let mild-ey'd Pity from the heart arise,
 and blot the rigid sentence with a tear.

Died March 6, A. D. 1795, aged 21 years and 8 months.



EPITAPH ON A FRIEND.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

Tho' here in death thy relicks lie,
 thy worth shall live in Mem'ry's eye;
 who oft at Night's pale noon shall stray,
 to bathe with tears thy lovely clay.
 Here Pity too, in weeds forlorn,
 shall, mingling sighs, be heard to mourn;
 with Genius drooping o'er thy tomb,
 in sorrow for a brother's doom.

"Pindariana."



EPITAPH ON ——— HAVARD.

Comedian, who died Feb. 20, 1778.

BY DAVID GARRICK.

Havard from sorrow rests beneath this stone;
an honest man, belov'd as soon as known.
Howe'er defective in the mimic art,
in real life he justly play'd his part;
the noblest character he acted well
and Heaven applauded when the curtain fell.

~~~~~

EPITAPH

on a Gravestone in Buckinghamshire.

Behold this silent grave, which does embrace,  
a virtuous wife, with Rachel's lovely face,  
Sarah's obedience, Lydia's open heart,  
Martha's good sense, and Mary's better part.

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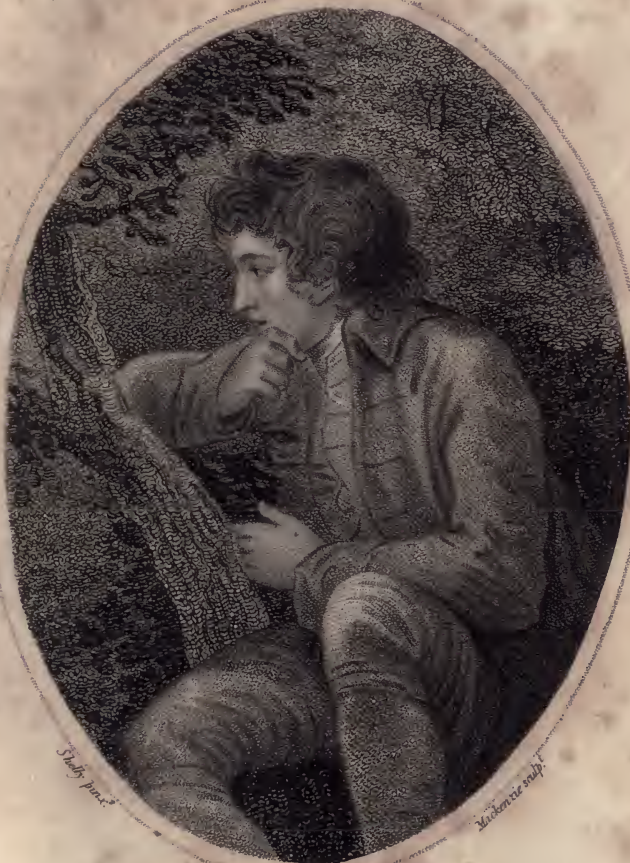


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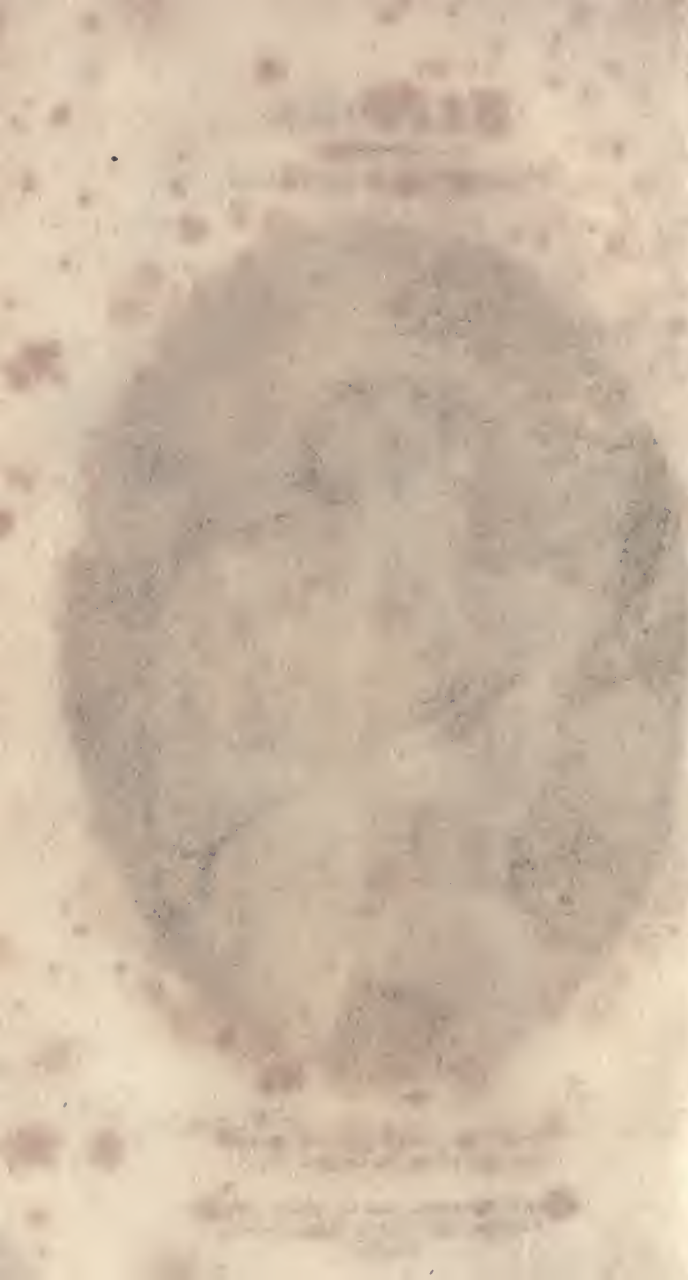
ELEGIES.

FUNEREAL & AMATORY.



Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
The spreading hawthorn crept.

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Published Nov. 2.nd 1807 by George Nicholson,
Poughrill.*



ELEGIES.
FUNERAL.

WILLIAM AND MARGARET.

BY DAVID MALLET.

'T was at the silent solemn hour
when night and morning meet,
in glided Marg'ret's grimly ghost,
and stood at Williams's feet.

Her face was like an April morn
clad in a wintry cloud,
and clay-cold was her lily hand
that held her sable shroud.

So shall the fairest face appear
When youth and years are flown !
such is the robe that kings must wear
when Death has reft their crown.

Her bloom was like the springing flow'r
that sips the silver dew ;
the rose was budded in her cheek,
Just op'ning to the view.

But Love had, like the canker-worm,
consum'd her early prime ;
the rose grew pale and left her cheek :
she dy'd before her time.

“Awake !” she cry’d, “thy true-love calls,
come from her midnight grave;
now let thy pity hear the maid
thy love refus’d to save.

This is the dark and dreary hour
when injur’d ghosts complain,
when yawning graves give up their dead
to haunt the faithless swain.

Bethink thee, William! of thy fault
thy pledge and broken oath,
and give me back my maiden vow,
and give me back my troth.

Why did you promise love to me,
and not that promise keep?
why did you swear my eyes were bright,
yet leave those eyes to weep?

How could you say my face was fair,
and yet that face forsake?
how could you win my virgin heart,
yet leave that heart to break?

Why did you say my lip was sweet,
and made the scarlet pale?
and why did I, young witless maid!
believe the flatt’ring tale?

That face, alas! no more is fair,
those lips no longer red:
dark are my eyes, now clos’d in death,
and ev’ry charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is;
this winding sheet I wear;

And cold and weary lasts our night,
till that last morn appear.

But, hark ! the cock has warn'd me hence ;
a long and late adieu !

Come, see, false man ! how low she lies,
who dy'd for love of you.

The lark sung loud ; the morning smil'd,
with beams of rosy red :
pale William quak'd in every limb,
and, raving, left his bed.

He hied him to the fatal place
where Margaret's body lay ;
and stretch'd him on the green-grass turf,
that wrapp'd her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Margaret's name,
and thrice he wept full sore ;
then laid his cheek on her cold grave,
and word spoke never more !

EDWIN AND EMMA.

BY THE SAME.

Mark it Cesario, it is true and plain ;
the spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
and the free maids that weave their thread with bones
do use to chaunt it : it is silly sooth,
and dallies with the innocence of love
like the old age. *Shakesp. Twelfth Night.*

Far in the windings of a vale,
fast by a shelt'ring wood,
the safe retreat of Health and Peace,
an humble cottage stood :

there beauteous Emma flourish'd fair
beneath a mother's eye,

whose only wish on earth was now
to see her bless'd and die.

The softest blush that Nature spreads,
gave colour to her cheek ;
such orient colour smiles through Heav'n
when vernal mornings break.

Nor let the pride of great ones scorn
this charmer of the plains ;
that sun who bids their diamond blaze,
to paint our lily deigns.

Long had she fill'd each youth with love,
each maiden with despair,
and tho' by all a wonder own'd,
yet knew not she was fair ;

till Edwin came, the pride of swains !
a soul devoid of art,
and from whose eye serenely mild,
shone forth the feeling heart.

A mutual flame was quickly caught,
was quickly too reveal'd,
for neither bosom lodg'd a wish
that virtue keeps conceal'd.

What happy hours of home-felt bliss
did love on both bestow !
but bliss too mighty long to last
where fortune proves a foe.

His sister, who like Envy form'd,
like her in mischief joy'd,
to work them harm, with wicked skill
each darker art employ'd.

The father too, a sordid man,
who love nor pity knew,
was all-unfeeling as the clod
from whence his riches grew.

Long had he seen their secret flame,
and seen it long unmov'd ;
then with a father's frown at last
had sternly disapprov'd.

In Edwin's gentle heart a war
of diff'ring passions strove ;
his heart, that durst not disobey
yet could not cease to love.

Deny'd her sight, he oft behind
the spreading hawthorn crept,
to snatch a glance, to mark the spot
where Emma walk'd and wept.

Oft, too, on Stanemore's wintry waste,
beneath the moonlight shade,
in sighs to pour his soften'd soul
the midnight mourner stray'd.

His cheek, where health with beauty glow'd,
a deadly pale o'ercast ;
so fades the fresh rose in it's prime
before the northern blast.

The parents now, with late remorse,
hung o'er his dying bed,
and wearied Heav'n, with fruitless vows,
and fruitless sorrow shed.

" 'Tis past," he cry'd, " but if your souls
sweet mercy yet can move,
let these dim eyes once more behold
what they must ever love."



She came ; his cold hand softly touch'd,
and bath'd with many a tear :
fast falling o'er the primrose pale
so morning dews appear.

But, oh ! his sister's jealous care,
a cruel sister she !
forbade what Emma came to say,
“ My Edwin ! live for me.”

Now, homeward as she hopeless wept
the churchyard path along,
the blast blew cold, the dark owl scream'd
her lover's fun'ral song.

Amid the falling gloom of night
her startling fancy found
in ev'ry bush his hov'ring shade,
his groan in ev'ry sound.

Alone, appall'd, thus had she pass'd
the visionary vale,
when, lo ! the death-bell smote her ear,
sad sounding in the gale.

Just then she reach'd, with trembling step,
her aged mother's door ;
“ He's gone !” she cry'd, “ and I shall see
that angel face no more ;

I feel, I feel, this breaking heart
beat high against my side ;”
from her white arm down sunk her head :
she shiv'ring sigh'd, and dy'd.

The foregoing story is founded on an actual occurrence. The family name of the young man was Wrightson ; of the young maiden, Railton. Their residence was Bowes, in Yorkshire, a small town on the high-road between London and



Carlisle. The parents of each kept a small inn in that place; and probably, from contrariety of interests arose that fatal opposition to the wishes of these unhappy lovers. The house on the right, as Bowes is entered from the south (yet used as an inn) is that in which Emma lived. They were both young, that is, near twenty, at the time of their deaths, which happened in the same twenty-four hours, and it is supposed their attachment existed many years. Old Wrightson, had, by toil, acquired a handsome competency, and he expected his son to marry suitably. The young woman, who was very beautiful, was treated with much contempt by her lover's nearest relations, for they held it as a maxim, that "blood was nothing without groats." The young loversickened and took to his chamber about Shrove-Tuesday, and died on the sunday sevensnight following. On the last day of his illness, he desired to see his mistress. She was civilly received by the mother, who bid her welcome, when it was too late; but her daughter Hannah prevented them from exchanging their thoughts. At her return home, hearing the bell toll, after his departure, she said her heart was broke, and expired in a few moments; The curate of Bowes inserted in the register of deaths, that they both died of love, and were buried in the same grave, March 15, 1714.

DAVID MALLET,

author of the foregoing pieces, is supposed to have been a native of Perthshire, born about 1700, of parents of the lowest rank. His family name was *Malloch*, which, according to Dr. Johnson originated in the clan of Macgregors, who under the conduct of Robert Roy were both formidable and infamous. At what school he was instructed in grammatical learning, remains unascertained; but he received some part of his early education under Mr. Ker, at Aberdeen. In 1720, he resided as tutor to the children of Mr. Home of Dreghorn, near Edinburgh. He appears to have discovered an early propensity for poetry, and however mean his origin,



the foregoing pieces are sufficient to render his name respectable; they have pleased and will continue to please, every reader of tender and poetic sympathy. The first was published in 1731, and ranks with the best compositions of the kind in our language; the latter, produced 1790, is plaintive, pathetic, and simple, both the sentiment and expression are captivating. Some versions and trifling compositions, previous to the year 1722, brought Mallet into some notice, when he produced the *Transfiguration*, in imitation of Milton.

In 1723 the Duke of Montrose applied to the college of Edinburgh for a tutor to educate his two sons, when Mallet was recommended. In the same year, the pupils were sent abroad, and entrusted to his care. Having conducted them through their travels, he returned with them to London. On removing into the country in summer, he translated “Bossuet’s Discours sur l’Histoire Universelle,” for the use of his pupil Lord William.

In 1724 he wrote his inimitable ballad of *William and Margaret*, the hint of which he took from an old ballad called “Fair Margaret and sweet William,” or probably from one in Ramsay’s Collection called “Sweet William’s Ghost.”

In 1728 he published the *Excursion*, containing a desultory and capricious view of such scenes of nature as imagination suggested, or his knowledge enabled him to describe, in imitation of Thomson’s Seasons.

In 1731 he brought upon the stage, at Drury-lane, a tragedy called *Eurydice*. It was revived in 1760, with alterations, but its success was not great, tho’ the principal parts were performed by Garrick and Mrs. Cibber.

In 1733 he produced his *Verbal Criticism*, designed to compliment Pope by ridiculing

Theobald, Bentley, Dennis, Cooke, and other editors, collators, commentators, and verbal critics. There is more pertness in this performance than wit, and more confidence than knowledge. The concluding lines of the piece are undoubtedly the best, which are as follow.

How little knowledge reaps, from toils like these !
too doubtful to direct, too poor to please.
Yet, Critics ! would your tribe deserve a name,
and fairly useful, rise to honest fame ;
first from the head a load of lumber move,
and from the volume all yourselves approve :
for patch'd and pilfer'd fragments give us sense,
or learning clear from learn'd impertinence,
where moral meaning, or where taste presides,
and wit enlivens but what reason guides ;
great without swelling, without meanness plain,
serious, not silly ; sportive, but not vain ;
on trifles slight, on things of use profound,
in quoting sober, and in judging sound.

When the Prince of Wales placed himself at the head of the opposition, and kept a separate court, he endeavoured to increase his popularity, by patronizing literature, and made Mallet his under-secretary, with a salary of £200 a year.

In 1734, he attended the Prince of Orange on his visit to Oxford, and wrote some congratulatory verses, presented to him by the University, for which he was admitted to the degree of Master of Arts, at St. Mary-Hall.

In 1739, he brought out his *Mustapha*, a tragedy which was performed with success, but never revived.

In 1740 he was employed by Millar, the bookseller, to prefix a *Life of Bacon*, to a new edition of his works, in 4 vol. folio ; which is written with great elegance and judgment, ranking with the best pieces of biography in our language. The same



year he associated with Thomson in the composition of the *Masque of Alfred*, which was played in it's original state at Cliefden. It was afterwards almost wholly changed, and brought upon the stage of Drury-lane, in 1751, but with little success.

In 1741, he married Miss Elstob, a lady of great merit and beauty.

About this time Mallet resided at Stand-green, and afterwards at Putney; living in the style of a gentleman.

In 1747, after a long interval, he published his *Amyntor and Theodora*; his greatest work, addressed to Lord Chesterfield. He sold this poem to Vaillant for £120. It is preceded by the following beautiful lines,

TO MRS. MALLET.

Thou faithful partner of a heart thy own,
 whose pain or pleasure springs from thine alone;
 thou, true as honour, as compassion kind,
 that in sweet union harmonize thy mind;
 here, while thy eyes for sad Amyntor's woe,
 and Theodora's wreck, with tears o'erflow,
 O may thy friend's warm wish, to Heav'n prefer'd
 for thee, for him, by gracious Heav'n be heard!
 So her fair hour of fortune shall be thine
 unmix'd, and all Amyntor's fondness mine:
 so through long vernal life, with blended ray,
 shall Love light up and Friendship close our day;
 till, summon'd late this lower heaven to leave,
 one sigh shall end us, and one earth receive.

Tho' tedious and diffuse "Amyntor and Theodora" abounds with striking passages, pathetic incidents, and moral reflections. Yet Dr. Warton says, "the nauseous affectation of expressing every thing pompously is no where more visible," and he gives the following instance. Amyntor having a pathetic tale to discover, being choked with sorrow, and at a loss for utterance, uses these ornamental unnatural images:



——— O could I steal
from harmony her softest warbled strain
of melting air ! or Zephyr's vernal voice,
or Philomela's song, when love dissolves
to liquid blandishment his evening lay,
all nature smiling round——

In 1754, by the help of Millar, the bookseller, he published the works of Bolingbroke, in 5 vol. 4to. The life of the Duke of Marlborough having been left unwritten by Lord Molesworth, who had been his favourite in Flanders ; as well as by Steele, to whom the papers supposed to contain the necessary information had been delivered ; the old Dutchess, in her will, assigned the task to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of £1000, prohibiting the insertion of verse. Glover is said to have rejected the legacy with disdain, so that the work devolved upon Mallet ; who had also a pension from the duke's son, to promote his industry. Mallet was continually talking of the discoveries he had made, and of the diligence he bestowed on the work, but left not, at his death, the smallest vestige of his labours.

In 1755 his *Masque of Britannia* made it's successful appearance at Drury-lane. The prologue, jointly written by Mallet and Garrick, and spoken by the latter, was often called for, even when the piece was not performed.*

In 1756, when the nation was exasperated by the ill success of the war against France, Mallet was employed to write a letter of accusation against Byng, under the character of a *Plain Man*, which was dispersed with great industry, and for which he received and retained to his death a considerable pension.

In 1759, he published a

* For this prologue see the *Humourous Pieces*, of this publication, No. 75.

collection of his *Works in Prose and Verse*, in 3 vol. 12mo. dedicated to Lord Mansfield. To serve Lord Bute, he published *Truth in Rhyme*, 1762; and wrote his tragedy of *Elvira*, in imitation of De la Motte's tragedy, founded on a Portuguese story, taken from the "Lusiad" of Camoens; acted at Drury-lane with little success, as it was considered a ministerial play. He was rewarded, however, with the office of Keeper of the Book of Entries for Ships in the Port of London.

Towards the latter end of his life, he went with his wife to France, but finding his health decline, he returned alone to England, and died in April 1765. He was twice married; and by his first wife had several children. One daughter, (who married a Genoese gentleman named Celesia, who formerly resided in London, in a public character) wrote a tragedy called "Almida," acted at Drury-lane, 1771; and "Indolence," a poem, 4to. 1772. His second wife was the daughter of a nobleman's steward, who had a considerable fortune, which she took care to retain in her own hands.

Mallet's stature was diminutive, but being regularly formed, his appearance, till he grew corpulent, was agreeable; and his conversation elegant and easy.

WRITTEN AMONG THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER
ABBEY.

Hail, hallow'd Fane! amid whose mould'ring shrines,
her vigils musing Melancholy keeps,
upon her arm her harrow'd cheek reclines,
and o'er the spoils of human grandeur weeps.

Hail, awful edifice! thine isles along,
in contemplation wrapt, O let me stray!
and stealing from the idly busy throng,
serenely meditate the moral lay.

Far hence be banish'd every note profane,
where heav'n-inspir'd Devotion loves to raise
her voice seraphic to each lofty strain,
attun'd to celebrate Jehovah's praise.

Come, heavenly muse, awake the plaintive string
each vagrant motion of the mind control;
exalt my fancy on thy soaring wing,
and with thy pathos pure possess my soul.

What pleasing sadness fills my thoughtful breast,
whene'er my steps these vaulted mansions trace;
where in their silent tombs for ever rest
the honour'd ashes of the British race!

What eye can read without a starting tear,
what heart reflect without a pensive sigh,
on the same story, every marble here
relates of wretched man's mortality?

Here terminate Ambition's airy schemes,
the syren Pleasure here allures no more;
here grov'ling Av'rice drops her golden dreams,
and life's fantastic trifles all are o'er.



No furious passions here the bosom rend,
here the true mourner's poignant sorrows cease;
here hopeless love and cruel hatred end,
and the world-weary trav'ler rests in peace.

Approach, vain child of fortune, pow'r, and fame!
here learn a lesson from each speaking bust:
lo! on each tomb engrav'd, the empty name
of worldly greatness levell'd in the dust!

How high each pers'nage once, how honour'd! read;
how low! how little now, look down and see!
then scan thyself, and know it is decreed,
that thou as little and as low shalt be.

Behold! above yon monumental piles,
the King of Terrors reigns in awful state!
and from his throne surveys with ghastly smiles
his triumphs over all the world calls great:

surveys of british chivalry the flow'r,
each mighty monarch, and each champion brave;
illustrious victims of his envious pow'r,
sunk in the dust, and crumbling in the grave:

surveys the wrecks of genius, beauty, birth,
whate'er might charm the eye, or win the heart;
dissolv'd and blended with the common earth,
or fest'ring recent from his vengeful dart.

Ah! what avails all sublunary state!
the transient pomp and pageant of a day;
since kings and peasants, fellow-slaves of fate,
when the dread summons comes, must all obey.

Nor Edward's piety, nor Henry's might,*
could ward the all-subduing conqu'ror's blow;

* Edward vi. and Henry v. both buried in Westminster Abbey.



brave Henry fell in the unequal fight,
and Edward's pious breast soon ceas'd to glow.

Nor lists dull Death to the melodious lyre,
nor heeds the raptur'd poet's heavenly song;
quench'd in the dust is Milton's muse of fire,
and mute is Dryden's once harmonious tongue.

Nor Attic elegance, nor sprightly strains,
could e'er the tyrants lifted jav'lin stay;
lo! here repose chaste Addison's remains,
here jocund Prior sleeps, and here lies Gay.

Here too, sweet Shakespeare, Fancy's fav'rite child,
the marble emulates thy power to please;
with graceful attitude, and aspect mild,
expressing native dignity and ease.

Nor thy unrivall'd magic's potent charm,
nor tender stories of ill-fated love;
nor scenes of horror could his rage disarm,
or the insensate spectre's pity move.

Where were ye, Graces, where ye tuneful Nine,
when Shakespeare's active spirit soar'd away?
where were ye, Virtues, when the spark divine
forsook it's trembling tenement of clay?

Alas! around his couch attendant all,
ye saw the stroke the ruthless monster gave;
beheld (sad scene!) your darling vot'ry fall,
and wept your inability to save.

Vain are all notes, how high soe'er they rise,
all numbers vain, however smooth they flow;
beneath this letter'd pavement Cowley lies,
and here thy reliques rest, pathetic Rowe!



Nor sage Philosophy, that scans the spheres
nor soft persuasion's soothing art avails;
o'er Newton's tomb Urania pours her tears,
and her lov'd Campbell* sad Suadela wails.

Cropt as a flow'r in blooming beauty's prime.
lo! noble Cart'rets urn! ‡ illustrious youth!
from age to age the hoary herald Time
proclaims thy genius, innocence, and truth.

Alas! nor genius, innocence, nor truth,
can in the bosom stay the fleeting breath,
nor all the winning charms of blooming youth
subdue thy flinty heart, obdurate Death!

Ah me! full many a victim yet unborn,
relentless tyrant, at thy feet must fall,
before the dawning of that joyful morn
when thou shalt yield, and "God be All in All."

Know, then shall come the period of thy sway,
and this reanimated dust shall rise
to hail thy victor on that glorious day,
when the shrill trump shall rend the vaulted skies.

Then from the yawning grave and op'ning tomb
shall each reviving tenant lift his head,
and this time-honor'd temple's lab'ring womb
resign it's myriads of illustrious dead.

E'en now methinks, by Faith's pervading eye,
I see his banner in the clouds display'd,
and the world's Saviour from his throne on high
descend in robes of purest light array'd.

O day of gladness to the good and just!
when they shall taste the wonders of his love,

* Duke of Argyle.

‡ The monument of this young nobleman
is distinguished by a fine figure of Time, standing upon an altar, with a
scroll in his hand, containing an elegant copy of sapphic verses, well
known and greatly admired.

and springing vig'rous from the lowly dust,
ascend triumphant to the realms above.

Then shall the substance of this fabric fair,
these trophied pillars, and these piles decay,
mix as a vapour with the empty air,
or like a fleeting vision fade away.

Then shall the breathing bust, the sculptur'd vase,
and all the labours of the artist's hand,
dissolve; and virtue's adamantinè base
alone amid the wreck of matter stand.

Yea, tho' creation founder in the storm,
and whelming perish in the gen'ral doom,
yet shall celestial Virtue's angel form
survive and flourish in immortal bloom.

Then shall the brave resolve, the gen'rous deed,
and valiant conflict in Religion's cause,
alone be crown'd with merit's genuine meed,
and meet with righteous heav'n's deserv'd applause.

O! be it then our wisdom to secure
those radiant crowns that beam for ever bright,
crowns that shall deck the merciful and pure,
amid the mansions of eternal light!

EPITAPH

on a Monument erected to HENRY HOARE, esq. at Stourhead.

BY WM. HAYLEY, ESQ.

Ye who have view'd, in pleasure's choicest hour,
the earth embellish'd on those banks of Stour,
with grateful rev'rence to this marble lean,
rais'd to the friendly founder of the scene.
Here, with pure love of smiling Nature warm'd,

this far-fam'd demi-paradise he form'd;
and, happier still, here learn'd from Heaven to find
a sweeter Eden in a bounteous mind.
Thankful these fair and flowery paths he trod,
and priz'd them only as they led to God.



THE PILLOW.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

The head which oft this pillow press'd,
that aching head is gone to rest;
it's little pleasures now no more,
and all it's heavy sorrows o'er,
for ever, in the worm's dark bed,
for ever sleeps that humble head!

My Friend was young, the world was new;
the world was false, my Friend was true;
lowly his lot, his birth obscure,
his fortune hard, my Friend was poor;
to wisdom he had no pretence,
a child of suffering, not of sense;
for nature never did impart
a weaker or a warmer heart.

His fervent soul, a soul of flame,
consumed it's frail terrestrial frame;
that fire from heaven so fiercely burn'd,
that whence it came it soon return'd;
and yet, O pillow! yet, to me,
my gentle friend survives in thee,
in thee the partner of his bed,
in thee the widow of the dead!

On Helicon's inspiring brink,
ere yet my friend had learn'd to think,
once as he pass'd the careless day

among the whispering reeds at play,
the Muse of Sorrow wander'd by ;
her pensive beauty fix'd his eye ;
with sweet astonishment he smiled ;
the Gipsy saw—she stole the child ;
and soft on her ambrosial breast
sang the delighted babe to rest ;
convey'd him to her inmost grove,
and lov'd him with a mother's love.

Awaking from his rosy nap,
and gayly sporting on her lap,
his wanton fingers o'er the lyre
twinkled like electric fire ;
quick and quicker as they flew,
sweet and sweeter tones they drew ;
now a bolder hand he flings,
and dives among the deepest strings ;
then forth the music brake like thunder ;
back he startled, wild with wonder !
The Muse of Sorrow wept for joy,
and clasp'd and kiss'd her chosen boy.

Ah ! then no more his smiling hours
were spent in Childhood's Eden-bowers,
the fall from Infant-innocence,
the fall to knowledge, drives us thence :
O Knowledge ! worthless at the price,
bought with the loss of Paradise !
As happy ignorance declined,
and reason rose upon his mind,
romantic hopes and fond desires
(sparks of the soul's immortal fires !)
kindled within his breast the rage
to breathe through every future age,
to clasp the flitting shade of Fame,

to build an everlasting name,
o'erleap the narrow vulgar span,
and live beyond the life of man!

Then nature's charms his heart possess'd,
and Nature's glory fill'd his breast:
the sweet Spring-morning's infant rays,
meridian Summer's youthful blaze,
maturer Autumn's evening mild,
and hoary Winter midnight wild,
awoke his eye, inspir'd his tongue;
for every scene he lov'd, he sung.
Rude were his songs, and "silly sooth,"
till boyhood blossom'd into youth:
then nobler themes his fancy fired,
to bolder flights his soul aspired;
and as the new-moon's opening eye
broadens and brightens through the sky,
from the dim streak of western light
to the full orb which rules the night:
thus, gathering lustre in it's race,
and shining through unbounded space,
from earth to heaven his genius soar'd,
time and eternity explored,
and hail'd, where'er it's footsteps trod,
in Nature's temple, Nature's God:
or pierc'd the human heart to scan
the hidden majesty of Man;
man's hidden weakness too descried,
his glory, grandeur, meanness, pride;
pursued, along their erring course,
the streams of passion to their source;
or in the mind's creation sought
new stars of fancy, worlds of thought!
Yet still through all his strains would flow



a tone of uncomplaining woe,
kind as the tear in Pity's eye,
soft as the slumbering infant's sigh,
so sweetly, exquisitely wild,
it spake the Muse of Sorrow's child.

O Pillow! then, when light withdrew,
to thee the fond enthusiast flew;
on thee, in pensive mood reclin'd,
he pour'd his contemplative mind,
till o'er his eyes, with mild controul,
sleep like a soft enchantment stole,
charm'd into life his airy schemes,
and realiz'd his waking dreams.

Soon from those waking dreams he woke,
the fairy spell of Fancy broke;
in vain he breath'd a soul of fire
through every chord which strung his lyre,
no friendly echo cheer'd his tongue,
amid the wilderness he sung;
louder and bolder bards were crown'd,
whose dissonance his music drown'd;
the public ear, the public voice,
despis'd his song, denied his choice,
denied a name, a life in death,
denied—a bubble and a breath.
Strip'd of his fondest, dearest claim,
and disinherited of fame,
to thee, O Pillow! thee alone,
he made his silent anguish known;
his haughty spirit scorn'd the blow
which laid his high ambition low;
but ah! his looks assum'd in vain
a cold ineffable disdain,
while deep he cherish'd in his breast

the scorpion which consum'd his rest.

Yet other secret griefs had he,
O Pillow! only told to thee:
say did not hopeless love intrude
on his poor bosom's solitude?
Perhaps on thy soft lap reclin'd,
in dreams the cruel fair was kind,
that more intensely he might know
the bitterness of waking woe.

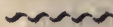
Whate'er those pangs from me conceal'd,
to thee in midnight groans reveal'd;
they stung remembrance to despair;
"a wounded spirit who can bear!"

Meanwhile, Disease, with slow decay,
moulder'd his feeble frame away;
and as his evening sun declined,
the shadows deepen'd o'er his mind.

What doubts and terrors then possess'd
the dark dominion of his breast!
how did delirious fancy dwell
on madness, suicide, and hell!

There was on earth no power to save:
but as he shudder'd o'er the grave,
he saw from realms of light descend,
the friend of him who has no friend;
Religion! her almighty breath
rebuk'd the winds and waves of death;
she bade the storm of frenzy cease,
and smiled a calm, and whisper'd peace;
amid that calm of sweet repose,
to Heaven his gentle Spirit rose.

From "The Sorrows of Switzerland, and other Poems."



THE GRAVE OF HOWARD.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES, A. M.

*His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
munere.—Virgil ii, Æn. lib. vi.*

Spirit of Death ! whose outstretch'd pennons dread
wave o'er the world beneath their shadow spread,
who darkly speedest on thy destin'd way,
'mid shrieks, and cries, and sounds of dire dismay ;
Spirit ! behold thy victory ! assume
a form more terrible, an ampler plume ;
for he, who wander'd o'er the world alone,
list'ning to misery's universal moan ;
he, who, sustain'd by Virtue's arm sublime,
tended the sick and poor from clime to clime,
low in the dust is laid, thy noblest spoil !
and Mercy ceases from her awful toil !

'T was where the pestilence at thy command
arose to desolate the sick'ning land,
when many a mingl'd cry and dying pray'r
resounded to the list'ning midnight air,
when deep dismay heard not the frequent knell,
and the wan carcase fester'd as it fell :
't was there, with holy Virtue's awful mein,
mid sights of sadness and that fearful scene,
calm he was found : the dews of death he dry'd ;
he spoke of comfort to the poor who cry'd ;
he watch'd the fading eye, the flagging breath,
ere yet the languid sense was lost in death ;
and, with that look protecting angels wear,
hung o'er the dismal couch of pale despair !
Friend of mankind ! thy righteous task is o'er ;
the heart, which throb'd with pity, beats no more.

Around the limits of this rolling sphere,
where'er the just and good thy tale shall hear,
a tear shall fall: alone, amid the gloom
of the still dungeon, his long sorrow's tomb,
the captive, mourning o'er his chain, shall bend
to think the cold earth holds his only friend!
He who with labour draws his wasting breath
on the forsaken silent bed of death,
rememb'ring thy last look and anxious eye,
shall gaze around, unvisited, and die.

Friend of mankind! farewell! these tears we shed,
so nature dictates, o'er thy earthly bed;
yet we forget not, it was his high will,
who saw thee virtue's arduous task fulfil,
thy spirit from it's toil at last should rest:
so wills thy God, and what he wills is best.

Thou hast encounter'd dark diseases train,
hast oft convers'd with poverty and pain;
thou hast beheld the dreariest forms of woe,
that through this mournful vale unfriended go!
and pale with sympathy hast paus'd to hear
the saddest plaints e'er told to human ear.
Go, then, the task fulfill'd, the trial o'er,
where sickness, want, and pain, are known no more!

How awful did thy lonely track appear,
enlight'ning misery's benighted sphere!

Howard! it matters not, that far away
from Albion's peaceful shore thy bones decay.
Him it might please, by whose sustaining hand
thy steps were led through many a distant land,
thy long and last abode should there be found,
where many a savage nation prowls around;
that virtue from the hallow'd spot might rise,
and pointing to the finish'd sacrifice,

teach to the roving Tartar's savage clan
lessons of love, and higher aims of man.
The hoary chieftain, who thy tale shall hear,
pale on thy grave shall drop his falt'ring spear;
the cold, un pitying Cossack thirsts no more
to bathe his burning falchion deep in gore,
relentless to the cry of carnage speed,
or urge o'er gasping heaps his panting steed!

Nor vain the thought that fairer hence may rise
new views of life, and wider charities.

Far from the bleak Riphean mountains hoar,
from the cold Don, and Wolga's wand'ring shore,
from many a shady forest's lengthening tract,
from many a dark-descending cataract,
succeeding tribes shall come, and o'er the place,
where sleeps the general friend of human race,
instruct their children what a debt they owe,
speak of the man who trod the paths of woe;
then bid them to their native woods depart,
with new-born virtue aching at their heart.

When o'er the sounding Euxine's stormy tides
in hostile pomp the Turk's proud navy rides,
bent on the frontiers of th' Imperial Czar,
to pour the tempest of vindictive war;
of onward to those shores they haply steer,
where, Howard, thy cold dust reposes near,
while o'er the wave the silken pennants stream
and seen far off the golden crescents gleam,
amid the pomp of war, the swelling breast
shall feel a still unwonted awe impress'd,
and the relenting Pagan turn aside
to think, on yonder shore the *Christain* died!

But thou, O Briton, doom'd perhaps to roam
an exile many a year and far from home,

if ever fortune thy lone footsteps leads
 to the wild Nieper's banks, and whispering reeds,
 o'er Howard's grave thou shalt impassion'd bend
 as if to hold sad converse with a friend.
 Whate'er thy fate upon this various scene,
 where'er thy weary pilgrimage has been,
 there shalt thou pause; and shutting from thy heart
 some vain regrets which oft unbidden start,
 think then on him, to every lot resign'd,
 who wept, who toil'd, who perish'd for mankind.

For me, who musing, Howard, on thy fate,
 these pensive strains at evening meditate,
 I thank thee for the lessons thou hast taught
 to mend my heart, or animate my thought.
 I thank thee, Howard, for that awful view
 of life which thou hast drawn, most sad, most true.
 Thou art no more! and the frail fading bloom
 of this poor offering dies upon thy tomb:
 beyond the transient sound of earthly praise
 thy virtues live, perhaps, in seraph's lays!
 I, borne in thought, to the wild Nieper's wave,
 sigh to the reeds which whisper o'er thy grave.



EPITAPH ON WILLIAM HOGARTH.

in Chiswick Church, who died Oct. 26, 1764.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
 who reach'd the noblest point of art;
 whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
 and through the eye correct the heart!
 If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
 if nature touch thee, drop a tear:
 if neither move thee, turn away,
 for Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

— o —

THE CONSTANT WIDOW.

So oft to this sequester'd spot,
 what secret impulse draws thee nigh?
 or why forsake thy cheerful cot,
 in these lone haunts unheard to sigh?

“ This spot ; oh, be it ever blest,
 and mine the grateful task alone,
 to wander where his ashes rest,
 whom mutual love ordain'd my own.

In youth's gay scenes we join'd the throng,
 where artless mirth with friendship vied ;
 or listen'd to the neatherd's song,
 or shepherd's pipe at eventide.

Around our humble straw topt-shed,
 Contentment's purest radiance shone ;
 till Health, that rosy inmate, fled,
 and pale disease usurp'd it's throne.

Ere three short weeks had wing'd their flight,
 (sad respite from severer woes)
 I saw him sink to endless night,
 and time's eventful journey close.

And now, when infant sports beguile,
 and playful tricks their cares enslave,
 I leave my helpless babes a while
 to seek their much-lov'd father's grave.

And while remembrance prompts the tear,
 religion's sweetest hopes arise ;
 that we, who once were happy here,
 may meet again beyond the skies.”

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## THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

It was a summer evening,  
old Kaspar's work was done ;  
and he before his cottage door  
was sitting in the sun ;  
and by him sported on the green  
his little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
roll something large and round,  
that he beside the rivulet  
in playing there had found ;  
she came to ask what he had found,  
that was so large, and smooth, and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy  
who stood expectant by ;  
and then the old man shook his head,  
and with a natural sigh,  
't is some poor fellow's skull said he,  
who fell in the great victory :

I find them in the garden, for  
there's many here about,  
and often when I go to plough,  
the ploughshare turns them out ;  
for many thousand men, said he,  
were slain in the great victory.

Now tell us what 't was all about,  
young Peterkin he cries,  
and little Wilhelmine looks up  
with wonder-waiting eyes ;

now tell us all about the war,  
and what they kill'd each other for.

It was the English, Kaspar cried,  
that put the French to rout;  
but what they kill'd each other for,  
I could not well make out.

But every body said, quoth he,  
that 't was a famous victory.

My father liv'd at Blenheim then,  
yon little stream hard by,  
they burnt his dwelling to the ground  
and he was forc'd to fly;  
so with his wife and child he fled,  
nor had he where to rest his head.

With fire and sword the country round  
was wasted far and wide,  
and many a childing mother then,  
and new-born infant died.

But things like that, you know, must be  
at every famous victory.

They say it was a shocking sight  
after the field was won,  
for many thousand bodies here  
lay rotting in the sun;  
but things like that, you know, must be  
after a famous victory.

Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won,  
and our good Prince Eugene.—  
Why 't was a very wicked thing!  
said little Wilhelmine.

Nay—nay—my little girl, quoth he,  
it was a famous victory.

And every body praised the Duke  
 who such a fight did win.  
 But what good came of it at last?  
 quoth little Peterkin.  
 Why that I cannot tell, said he,  
 but 't was a famous victory.

“Annual Anthology.”

WRITTEN BY MRS. MONK ON HER DEATH-BED  
 AT BATH,

to her Husband in London.

Thou, who dost all my worldly thoughts employ,  
 thou pleasing source of all my earthly joy,  
 thou tend'rest husband, and thou dearest friend,  
 to thee this fond, this last advice I send.  
 At length the conqu'ror Death asserts his right,  
 and will for ever veil me from thy sight:  
 he woos me to him with a cheerful grace,  
 and not one terror clouds his awful face:  
 he promises a lasting rest from pain,  
 and shews that all life's pleasing dreams are vain.  
 The eternal joys of heaven he sets in view,  
 and tells me that no other joys are true.  
 But love, fond love, would fain resist his pow'r,  
 and yet awhile defer the parting hour.  
 It brings thy mourning image to my eyes,  
 and would obstruct my journey to the skies.  
 But say, thou dearest, thou unwearied friend;  
 say, shouldst thou mourn to see my sorrows end?  
 Thou know'st a painful pilgrimage I've past,  
 and wouldst thou grieve that rest is come at last?  
 Rather rejoice to see me shake off life,  
 and die, as I have liv'd, thy faithful wife.

## INSCRIPTION

for a Bust of Francis late Duke of Bedford.

BY EDMUND CARTWRIGHT.

By days and years alone if life we scan,  
Bedford, how short was thy contracted span;  
and yet, if measur'd by thy virtuous deeds,  
thy span, tho' short, a patriarch's age exceeds!  
That life was thine which dignifies high birth:  
it's brilliant course proclaim'd thy matchless worth;  
it's crowded space thy energy of mind;  
it's toils and cares, thy love of human kind.  
With kindred chiefs enroll'd, thy patriot name  
shall stand recorded in the lists of fame;  
while future Russels, in the generous strife  
of virtuous ardour, emulate thy life!

## INSCRIPTION

for a Column at Truxillo, the Birth-place of Pizarro.

FROM SOUTHEY'S LETTERS ON SPAIN AND PORTUGAL.

Pizarro here was born: a greater name  
the list of glory boasts not. Toil, and want,  
and danger, never from his course deterr'd  
this daring soldier; many a fight he won,  
he slaughtered thousands, he subdued a rich  
and ample realm; such were Pizarro's deeds;  
and wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards  
among mankind. There is another world.  
Oh reader! if you earn your daily bread  
by daily labour, if your lot be low,  
be hard and wretched, thank the gracious God  
who made you that you are not such as he.



## TO THE MEMORY OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.

BY MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

Ill-fated youth ! thy ardent soul  
aim'd at the heights of deathless fame,  
sprang from beneath the world's controul,  
and seiz'd unknown a poet's name.

O that some friendly hand had deign'd to guide  
thy genius in it's course ! and sooth'd thy erring pride.

I mark thy muse ; her gothic lyre  
well suits the legendary lay ;  
while, darting from her eyes of fire,  
she beams a visionary day :

bright as the magic torch she early gave  
to light thy vent'rous way, through Fancy's secret cave.

There, as she taught thee to behold  
imagin'd deeds of distant years,  
embattled Knights and barons bold,  
great Ella's griefs, or Juga's tears ;  
rapid as thought arose the glowing scene,  
till poverty, despair, and death, rush'd in between.

Poet sublime ! altho' no sculptur'd urn,  
no monumental bust thy ashes grace ;  
no fair inscription teaches whom to mourn,  
no cypress shades the consecrated place,  
thy name shall live on time's recording page,  
the wonder and reproach of an enlighten'd age.

" Poems."



## SONNET.

BY MRS. CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Oh thou ! who sleep'st where hazle bands entwine  
 the vernal grass, with paler violets drest,  
 I would, sweet girl ! thy humble bed were mine,  
 and mine, thy calm and enviable rest.  
 For never more, by human ill oppress,  
 shall thy soft spirit fruitlessly repine :  
 thou canst not now thy fondest hope resign,  
 even in the hour that should have made thee blest.  
 Light lies the turf upon thy gentle breast ;  
 and lingering here, to love and sorrow true,  
 the youth, who once thy simple heart possest ;  
 shall mingle tears with April's early dew ;  
 while still for him, shall faithful memory save  
 thy form and virtues from the silent grave.

## SONNET.

BY — PINKERTON.

True: she was fair as Fancy's fairest child.  
 True: much her thought excelled her early years.  
 True: nameless grace in every gesture smiled.  
 True: she was good above her gentlest peers.  
 Yet cease my soul: O be no more beguiled !  
 Yet cease to dream her bright form still appears.  
 Yet cease to dream her voice still charms my ears.  
 Yet cease to paint her sweet demeanor mild.  
 For why ? The grass is green that clothes her grave !  
 (Oh would to heaven that grave me rather knew !)  
 from sighs or tears no ease can sorrow have :  
 from sighs or tears can no relief accrue ?  
 and is she gone beyond all power to save ?  
 Thou, Death, thou only canst give respite due !

TO THE MEMORY OF A GENTLEMAN WHO  
DIED ON HIS TRAVELS TO ROME.

BY THE REV. DR. SHIPLEY.

LANGTON, dear partner of my soul,  
accept what pious passion meditates  
to grace thy fate. Sad memory  
and grateful love, and impotent regret  
shall wake to paint thy gentle mind,  
thy wise good nature, friendship delicate  
in secret converse, native mirth,  
and sprightly fancy ; sweet artificer  
of social pleasure ! nor forgot  
the noble thirst of knowledge and fair fame  
that led thee far through foreign climes  
inquisitive : but chief the pleasant banks  
of Tiber, ever honour'd stream,  
detain'd thee visiting the last remains  
of ancient art ; fair forms exact  
in sculpture, columns, and the mould'ring bulk  
of theatres. In deep thought rapt  
of old renown, thy mind survey'd the scenes  
delighted, where the first of men  
once dwelt, familiar Scipio, virtuous chief !  
Stern Cato, and the patriot mind  
of faithful Brutus, best philosopher !  
Well did the generous search employ  
thy blooming years, by virtue crown'd, tho' death  
unseen oppress'd thee, far from home,  
a helpless stranger. No familiar voice,  
no pitying eye cheer'd thy last pangs.  
O worthy longest days ! for thee shall flow  
the pious solitary tear,  
and thoughtful friendship sadden o'er thine urn.



EPITAPH ON JAMES QUIN IN BATH CATHEDRAL,

who died in January, 1766.

BY DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

That tongue, which set the table in a roar,  
and charm'd the public ear, is heard no more!  
Clos'd are those eyes, the harbingers of wit,  
which spoke, before the tongue, what Shakespeare  
writ.

Cold are those hands, which, living, were stretch'd  
forth,

at friendship's call, to succour modest worth.

Here lies James Quin! deign, reader, to be taught,  
(whate'er thy strength of body, force of thought,  
in nature's happiest mould however cast)  
to this complexion thou must come at last.

EPITAPH ON MISS BASNET,

in Pancras Church-yard.

Go, spotless Honour and unsullied Truth;  
go, smiling Innocence and blooming Youth;  
go, female sweetness, join'd with manly Sense:  
go, winning Wit that never gave offence;  
go, soft Humanity, that bless'd the poor;  
go, saint-eyed Patience, from affliction's door;  
go, Modesty, that never wore a frown;  
go, Virtue, and receive thy heavenly crown.

Not from a stranger came this heart-felt verse;  
the friend inscribes thy tomb whose tears bedew'd thy  
hearse.

## THE GHOST SEER.

BY MR. SPENCER.

When midnight o'er the moonless skies,  
 her shades of mimic death has spread,  
 when mortals sleep, when spectres rise,  
 and nought is wakeful but the dead ;  
 no bloodless shape my way pursues,  
 no shivering ghost my couch annoys,  
 visions more sad my fancy views,  
 visions of long departed joys.  
 The shade of youthful Hope is there,  
 which linger'd long and latest died ;  
 Ambition, all dissolved in air,  
 with Honour's phantom at her side.  
 What empty shadows glimmer nigh !  
 they once were Friendship, Truth, and Love.  
 O die to thought, to memory die,  
 since lifeless to my heart ye prove,



## INSCRIPTION

in Longtown Church-yard, Cumberland.

Our life is but a winter's day ;  
 some only breakfast and away ;  
 others to dinner stay, and are full fed ;  
 the oldest man but sups and goes to bed.  
 Large is his debt who lingers out the day ;  
 who goes the soonest has the least to pay.



## THE NEGRO'S DYING SPEECH,

on his being executed for Rebellion in the Island of Jamaica.  
Supposed to be addressed to his wife at the place of execution.

'T is past — ah ! sooth thy cares to rest,  
firm and unmov'd am I;  
in freedom's cause I bare'd my breast,  
in freedom's cause I die.

O stop ! thou dost me fatal wrong,  
nature will yet rebel;  
for I have lov'd thee very long,  
and lov'd thee passing well.

To native skies and peaceful bow'rs  
I soon shall wing my way,  
where joy shall lead the circling hours,  
unless too long thy stay.

O speed; fair sun ! thy course, divine;  
my Abala remove !  
there thy bright beams shall ever shine,  
and I for ever love.

On those blest shores, a slave no more !  
in peaceful ease I'll stray,  
or rouse to chace the mountain boar,  
as unconfin'd as day.

No christian tyrant there is known  
to mark his steps with blood,  
nor sable mis'ry's piercing moan  
resounds through every wood.

Yet have I heard the melting tongue,  
have seen the falling tear;

known the good heart by pity wrung,  
Alas! such minds are rare!

Now, christian, glut thy savage eyes,  
I reach the joyful hour!  
now bid the scorching flames arise,  
and these poor limbs devour.

But know, pale tyrant! 't is not thine  
eternal war to wage;  
the death thou giv'st shall but combine  
to mock thy baffled rage.

O death, how welcome to th' oppress'd!  
thy kind embrace I crave;  
thou bring'st to Mis'ry's bosom, rest,  
and freedom to the slave.

### THE DIRGE OF AMORET.

BY MRS. JOHN HUNTER.

Why glide the hours so swift away,  
when love and fortune shine?  
years seem'd but as a passing day,  
when Amoret was mine.  
Was mine! sad sounds! ye ring my knell,  
and bid to joy a long farewell!

Her voice could sooth the soul of care,  
and lull despair to rest;  
why was she form'd divinely fair?  
and why was I so bless'd?  
So bless'd no more; I hear the knell,  
which bids the world a long farewell.

## ELEGIES.

### AMATORY.

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#### TWO LOVE ELEGIES.

'T is night, dead night; and o'er the plain  
 darkness extends her ebon ray,  
 while wide along the gloomy scene  
 deep Silence holds her solemn sway:  
 throughout the earth no cheerful beam  
 the melancholic eye surveys,  
 save where the worm's fantastic gleam  
 the 'nighted traveller betrays:  
 the savage race (so Heaven decrees)  
 no longer through the forest rove;  
 all nature rests, and not a breeze  
 disturbs the stillness of the grove:  
 all nature rests; in Sleep's soft arms  
 the village swain forgets his care:  
 sleep that the sting of Sorrow charms,  
 and heals all sadness but Despair:  
 Despair alone her power denies,  
 and when the sun withdraws his rays,  
 to the wild beach distracted flies,  
 or cheerless through the desert strays;  
 or to the church-yard's horrors led,  
 while fearful echoes burst around,  
 on some cold stone he leans his head,  
 or throws his body on the ground.

To some such drear and solemn scene,  
some friendly power direct my way,  
where pale Misfortune's haggard train,  
sad luxury ! delight to stray.

Wrapt in the solitary gloom,  
retir'd from life's fantastic crew,  
resign'd I'll wait my final doom,  
and bid the busy world adieu.

The world has now no joy for me,  
nor can life now one pleasure boast,  
since all my eyes desir'd to see,  
my wish, my hope, my all, is lost ;  
since she, so form'd to please and bless,  
so wise, so innocent, so fair,  
whose converse sweet made sorrow less,  
and brighten'd all the gloom of care :

since she is lost, ye powers divine,  
what have I done, or thought, or said,  
O say what horrid act of mine  
has drawn this vengeance on my head ?

Why should Heaven favour Lycon's claim ?  
why are my heart's best wishes crost ?  
what fairer deeds adorn his name ?  
what nobler merit can he boast ?

what higher worth in him was found  
my true heart's service to outweigh ?  
a senseless fop ! a dull compound  
of scarcely animated clay !

He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,  
and charm'd her by repeating o'er  
unmeaning raptures in her praise,  
that twenty fools had said before :

but I, alas ! who thought all art  
but passion's force would meanly prove,  
could only boast an honest heart,  
and claim'd no merit but my love.

Have I not sate, ye conscious hours  
be witness, while my Stella sung,  
from morn to eve, with all my powers  
rapt in th' enchantment of her tongue !

Ye conscious hours, that saw me stand  
entranc'd in wonder and surprise,  
in silent rapture press her hand,  
with passion bursting from my eyes.

Have I not lov'd ? O earth and heaven !  
where now is all my youthful boast ?  
the dear exchange I hop'd was given  
for slighted fame and fortune lost !

Where now the joys that once were mine ?  
where all my hopes of future bliss ?  
must I those joys, these hopes resign ?  
is all her friendship come to this ?

Must then each woman faithless prove,  
and each fond lover be undone ?  
are vows no more ! Almighty Love !  
the sad resemblance let me shun !

It will not be. My honest heart  
the dear sad image still retains ;  
and, spite of reason, spite of art,  
the dreadful memory remains.

Ye powers divine ! whose wond'rous skill  
deep in the womb of time can see,  
behold, I bend me to your will,  
nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,  
 with all your bounty has in store;  
 let sorrow cloud my future days,  
 be Stella blest! I ask no more.

But lo! where, high in yonder east,  
 the star of morning mounts apace?  
 hence! let me fly th' unwelcome guest,  
 and bid the Muse's labour cease.

#### ELEGY THE SECOND.

When young, life's journey I began,  
 the glittering prospect charm'd my eyes;  
 I saw along the extended plain  
 joy after joy successive rise:

and fame her golden trumpet blew;  
 and Power display'd her gorgeous charms  
 and wealth engag'd my wandering view;  
 and Pleasure woo'd me to her arms:

to each, by turns, my vows I paid,  
 as Folly led me to admire;  
 while Fancy magnified each shade,  
 and Hope increas'd each fond desire:

but soon I found 'twas all a dream;  
 and learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,  
 where few can reach their purpos'd aim,  
 and thousands daily are undone:

and Fame, I found, was empty air;  
 and Wealth had Terror for her guest;  
 and Pleasure's path was strewn with Care;  
 and Power was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace, I gave it o'er;  
 and, in a far sequester'd shade,

to Contemplation's sober power still, has  
my youth's next services I paid.

There Health and Peace adorned the scene;  
and oft indulgent to my prayer,  
with mirthful eye and frolic mien,  
the Muse would deign to visit there:

there would she oft delighted rove,  
the flower-enamel'd vale along;  
or wander with me through the grove,  
and listen to the woodlark's song:

or, 'mid the forest's awful gloom,  
while wild amazement fill'd my eyes,  
recall past ages from the tomb,  
and bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,  
one wish alone my soul could frame,  
and Heaven bestow'd, to crown the rest,  
a friend, and Thyrsis was his name.

For manly constancy and truth,  
and worth unconscious of a stain,  
he bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth,  
the boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew:  
no cares did then my peace destroy;  
time brought new blessings as he flew,  
and every hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,  
soon did the sad reverse appear;  
love came, like an untimely frost,  
to blast the promise of my year.

I saw young Daphne's angel-form,  
(fool that I was, I bless'd the smart)

and, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,  
the dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was, at least in Damon's eyes,  
made up of loveliness and grace,  
her heart a stranger to disguise,  
her mind as perfect as her face;

to hear her speak, to see her move,  
(unhappy I, alas! the while)  
her voice was joy, her look was love,  
and Heaven was open'd in her smile!

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,  
she listen'd to the tender strain,  
she heard my sighs, she saw my tears,  
and seem'd at length to share my pain:

she said she lov'd, and I, poor youth!  
(how soon, alas, can Hope persuade!)  
thought all she said no more than truth,  
and all my love was well repaid.

In joys, unknown to courts or kings,  
with her I sat the live-long day,  
and said and look'd such tender things,  
as none beside could look or say!

How soon can Fortune shift the scene,  
and all our earthly bliss destroy!

Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train  
still treads upon the heels of Joy.

My age's hope, my youth's best boast,  
my soul's chief blessing, and my pride,  
in one sad moment all were lost,  
and Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis died.

O who, that heard her vows ere-while,  
could dream these vows were insincere?

—or who could think, that saw her smile,  
that fraud could find admittance there?

Yet she was false; my heart will break!  
her frauds, her prejuries were such—  
some other tongue than mine must speak;  
I have not power to say how much!

Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,  
O shun her paths, the traitress shun!  
her voice is death, her smile is fate,  
who hears, or sees her, is undone.

And, when Death's hand shall close my eye,  
(for soon I know, the day will come)  
O cheer my spirit with a sigh,  
and grave these lines upon my tomb!

## THE EPITAPH.

Consign'd to dust, beneath this stone,  
in manhood's prime is Damon laid;  
joyless he liv'd, and dy'd unknown  
in bleak misfortune's barren shade.

Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain,  
't was beauty drew his ruin on;  
he saw young Daphne on the plain:  
he lov'd, believ'd, and was undone.

His heart then sunk beneath the storm,  
(sad meed of unexampled truth)  
and sorrow, like an envious worm,  
devour'd the blossom of his youth.

Beneath this stone the youth is laid;  
O greet his ashes with a tear!  
may Heaven with blessings crown his shade,  
and grant that peace he wanted here!



## JENNY'S COMPLAINT:

BY DR. WOLCOT.

The night was still and full of fear,  
and all the world seem'd dead;  
when pond'ring on poor Robin Gray,  
I went with sighs to bed.

There, while my heart did heave with grief,  
the moon, that wand'rer pale,  
in at my window peep'd and shin'd  
so faint against the wall.

I clos'd my eye in vain to sleep,  
and sigh'd, " Ah! well-a-day!"  
for then I dwelt on my dear love,  
my buried Robin Gray.

As on my arm I lean'd my head,  
all dreary and forlorn,  
my hair did drink the briny tears  
that down my cheek did mourn.

Sudden a cloud, like ink so black,  
the moon's pale face o'ercast;  
the window shook, and horror howl'd,  
amid the hollow blast.

The oaks that proudly look'd on high,  
their lofty heads bent low,  
and midst their mighty branches roar'd,  
as if they scorn'd to bow.

But, like a giant in his course,  
the storm went rushing on,  
scattering their limbs and leaves so thick,  
as heedless what was done.

Now thunder from the black cloud broke,  
and terrified the night,  
and lightnings, with a dangerous blaze,  
made all the darkness bright.

But my poor bleeding heart forlorn  
did sink with no dismay,  
since often it had wish'd to die  
for dear auld Robin Gray.

Now did a spectre form appear,  
all aged, pale, and wan;  
and, by his visage, I could spy  
he was my last auld Man.

Now on my bed-side did he sit,  
as harmless as a dove;  
and tho' he had two hollow eyes,  
they look'd with tend'rest love.

Forth from their sockets then did rush  
full many a drop of woe:  
so from the cave or rugged rock  
the pearly waters flow.

"Jesu!" I cry'd, and stretch'd my arms  
to clasp him round the waist;  
but nought of his poor spectre drear  
my longing arms embrac'd.

"Oh! Jenny (then he said) in vain  
thy arms would clasp me in;  
for spirits, such as thou behold'st,  
have neither bones nor skin."

Full on his visage did I gaze,  
all hurried with surprise;  
and, eager to devour each look,  
my soul rush'd through my eyes.

Now did I strive to catch his hand,  
 that press'd so often mine;  
 but 't was in vain, 't was nought but air,  
 which made my heart to pine.

And yet his hand so shrivell'd were,  
 as made of flesh and blood;  
 but God knows best what should be done,  
 and God is very good.

"And art thou happy, then," I cry'd,  
 in this thy present state?"  
 he smil'd, like Angels, then, and said,  
 "God well hath chang'd my fate.

Let Innocence, O Jane, be thine,  
 and peace shall dwell with thee;  
 and when just Heav'n shall call thee hence,  
 with Robin thou shalt be."

With that he look'd a sweet farewell,  
 and rais'd each wetted eye;  
 then glided off, and, as he went,  
 I heard the kindest sigh.

"Adieu!" I cry'd, half choak'd with grief,  
 "soul of my soul, adieu!  
 my bosom throbs to leave this world,  
 "and thy dear flight pursue.

But Robin, Robin, stay a while;  
 ah! stay a while," I said,  
 "as Jemmy is come home from sea,  
 may I with Jemmy wed?"

But Robin answer'd not a word,  
 but off his ghost did go;  
 which made me wonder; but, perhaps,  
 his ghost had answer'd, "No."

Auld Robin's kindnesses to me,  
 while we in love did live,  
 deserve more *streams* from these sad eyes,  
 than they have *drops* to give.

The evening that he sought his grave  
 did wear a dismal gloom:  
 and all who did the burying see,  
 with eyes so red went home.

The honest tribute of their tears,  
 I thought was sweetest fame;  
 and when I die, God grant my bier  
 be sprinkled with the same!

The harmless children, too, in bands,  
 did pour their little sighs,  
 and on the coffin near the grave  
 they strain'd their wat'ry eyes.

And when into the earth below  
 his corpse at length was giv'n,  
 they look'd towards each other's eyes,  
 and sigh'd, "He's gone to Heaven."

Then on his grave they sat them down,  
 and lisp'd his name with praise,  
 till all the little wights did wish  
 to be auld Robin Grays.

"Pindariana."

## MARIAN'S COMPLAINT.

BY THE SAME.

Since truth has left the shepherd's tongue,  
 adieu the cheerful pipe and song;  
 adieu the dance at closing day,  
 and, ah! the happy morn of May.

How oft he told me I was fair,  
and wove the garland for my hair!  
how oft for Marian cull'd the bow'r,  
and fill'd my lap with ev'ry flow'r!

No more his gifts of guile I'll wear,  
but from my brow the chaplet tear;  
the crook he gave in pieces break,  
and rend his ribbons from my neck.

How oft he vow'd a constant flame,  
and carv'd on ev'ry oak my name!  
Blush, Colin, that the *wounded tree*  
is all that will remember *me*.

“Pindariana.”

~~~~~  
ELEGY.

BY ROBERT LLOYD, M. A.

A month hath roll'd it's lazy hours away,
since Delia's presence bless'd her longing swain;
how could he brook the sluggish Time's delay,
what charm could soften such an age of pain?

One fond reflection still his bosom cheer'd,
and sooth'd the torments of a lover's care,
't was that for Delia's self the bower he rear'd,
and fancy plac'd the nymph already there.

O come, dear maid! and, with a gentle smile,
such as lights up my lovely fair-one's face,
survey the product of thy shepherd's toil,
nor rob the villa of the villa's grace.

Whate'er improvements strike thy curious sight,
thy taste hath form'd, let me not call it mine;
since, when I muse on thee, and feed delight,
I form no thought that is not wholly thine.

Th' apartments destin'd for my charmer's use,
(for love in trifles is conspicuous shown)
can scarce an object to thy view produce,
but bears the dear resemblance of thine own.

And trust me, love, I could almost believe
this little spot the mansion of my fair;
but that awak'd from fancy's dreams, I grieve
to find it's proper owner is not there.

Oh! I could doat upon the rural scene,
it's prospect over hill and champaign wide,
but that it marks the tedious way between,
that parts thy Damon from his promis'd bride.

The gardens now put forth their blossoms sweet,
in Nature's flowery mantle gaily drest,
the close-trimm'd hedge, and circling border neat,
all ask my Delia for their dearest guest.

The lily pale, the purple blushing rose,
in this fair spot their mingled beauties join;
the woodbine here it's curling tendrils throws,
in wreaths fantastic, round the mantling vine.

The branching arbor here, for lovers made,
for dalliance meet, or song, or amorous tale,
shall oft protect us with it's cooling shade,
when sultry Phœbus burns the lowly vale.

'Tis all another paradise around;
and, trust me, so it would appear to me,
like the first man were I not lonely found,
and but half blest, my Delia, wanting thee.

For two, but two, I've form'd a lovely walk,
and I have call'd it by my fair-one's name;
here, blest with thee, t' enjoy thy pleasing talk,
while fools and madmen bow the knee to fame.

The rustic path already have I try'd,
oft at the sinking of the setting day;
and while, my love, I thought thee by my side,
with careful steps have worn it's edge away.

With thee I've held discourse, how passing sweet!
while fancy brought thee to my raptur'd dream;
with thee have prattled in my lone retreat,
and talk'd down suns on love's delicious theme,

Oft, as I wander through the rustic crowd,
musing with downcast look, and folded arms,
they stare with wonder when I rave aloud,
and dwell with rapture on thy artless charms.

They call me mad, and oft with finger rude,
point at me leering as I heedless pass;
yet Colin knows the cause, for love is shrewd,
and the young shepherd courts the farmer's lass.

Among the fruits that grace this little seat,
and all around their clustering foliage spread,
here mayest thou cull the peach, or nectarine sweet,
and pluck the strawberry from it's native bed.

And all along the river's verdant side,
I've planted elms, which rise in even row,
and fling their lofty branches far and wide,
which float reflected in the lake below.

Since I've been absent from my lovely fair,
imagination forms a thousand schemes;
for O! my Delia, thou art all my care,
and all with me is love and golden dreams.

O flattering promise of secure delight!
when will the lazy-pacing hours be o'er,
that I may fly with rapture to thy sight,
and we shall meet again to part no more?



THE PARTRIDGES.

Written on the last of August.

BY S. J. PRATT.

Hard by yon copse, that skirts the flowery vale,
as late I walk'd to taste the evening breeze,
a plaintive murmur mingled in the gale,
and notes of sorrow echo'd through the trees.

Touch'd by the pensive sound, I nearer drew :
but my rude step increas'd the cause of pain :
soon o'er my head the whirring Partridge flew,
alarm'd ; and with her flew an infant train.

But short the excursion ; for, unus'd to play,
feebly the unfledg'd wings th' essay could make :
the parent, shelter'd by the closing day,
lodg'd her lov'd covey in a neighb'ring brake.

Her cradling pinions there she amply spread,
and hush'd th' affrighted family to rest ;
but still the late alarm suggested dread,
and closer to their feathery friend they press'd.

She, wretched parent ! doom'd to various woe,
felt all a mother's hope, a mother's care ;
with grief foresaw the dawn's impending blow,
and to avert it thus preferr'd her prayer :

O thou ! who e'en the sparrow dost befriend,
whose providence protects the harmless wren ;
thou God of birds ! these innocents defend,
from the vile sport of unrelenting men.

For soon as dawn shall dapple yonder skies,
the slaught'ring gunner, with the tube of fate,



while the dire dog the faithless stubble tries,
shall persecute our tribe with annual hate.

O may the sun, unfann'd by cooling gale,
parch with unusual heat th' undewy ground ;
so shall the pointer's wonted cunning fail,
so shall the sportsman leave my babes unfound.

Then shall I fearless guide them to the mead,
then shall I see with joy their plumage grow :
then shall I see (fond thought !) their future breed,
and every transport of a parent know.

But if some victim must endure the dart,
and Fate marks out that victim from my race,
strike, strike the leaden vengeance through this heart ;
spare, spare my babes ; and I the death embrace.



RETIREMENT.

Let other's toil Ambition's heights to scale ;
while gold, or grandeur fills the sordid mind ;
let them in splendid state false pleasure find,
nor think their bliss sublime can ever fail ;
oh ! give me sweet Retirement's verdant vale,
the cot, the brook, the flower-bespangled glade,
th' embower'd retreat for contemplation made,
where Philomel oft tells her tender tale.
There let me read creation's ample page ;
in all around, behold how God is good ;
how, or on earth, in air, or in the flood,
all creatures find the joys their hearts engage :
give but in this retreat a fellow soul,
then farewell all that's great, for I renounce the whole.



DAMON TO SYLVIA.

Ah me! that restless bliss so soon should flie!
still as I think my yielding maid to gain,
and flatt'ring hope says all my joys are nigh,
officious jealousy renews my pain.

When cold suspense and torturing despair,
when pausing doubt, and anxious fear's no more,
some idle falsehood haunts my list'ning ear,
and wakes my heart to all it felt before.

One treads the mazes of the puzzled dance
with easy step, and unaffected air,
false rapture feigns, or rolls a meaning glance,
to catch the open, easy-hearted fair.

Another boasts a more substantial claim,
for him fair Plenty fills her golden horn,
a thousand flocks support his haughty flame,
a thousand acres crown'd with waving corn.

But I nor tread the mazes of the dance
with easy step, and unaffected air,
nor rapture feign, nor roll a meaning glance,
to catch the open, easy-hearted fair.

I boast not Fortune's more substantial claim,
for me nor Plenty fills her golden horn,
nor wealthy flocks support my humble flame,
nor smiling acres crown'd with waving corn.

Say, will thy gen'rous heart for these reject
a tender passion, and a soul sincere?
for tho' with me you've little to expect,
believe me, Sylvia, you have less to fear.

—♦—♦—♦—
Come, let us tread the flow'ry paths of peace,
'till Fate shall seal th' irrevocable doom;
then soar together to yon realms of bliss,
and leave our mingled ashes in the tomb.

Perhaps some tender sympathetic breast,
who knows with Sorrow's elegance to moan,
may search the charnel where our relics rest,
and grave our mem'ry on the faithful stone.

“Tread soft, ye lovers, o'er this hallow'd ground;
here lies fond Damon by his Sylvia's side;
their souls in life by mutual love were bound,
nor death the lasting union could divide.”



SACRED TO A FIRST IMPRESSION.

BY S. J. PRATT.

Primæval object of my spotless heart!
in life's fresh morn, ev'n in my tenderest youth,
when it was pure as thine, and not an art,
the world calls wise, had warp'd fair nature's truth.
O, by what various fate and fortune hurl'd,
what giddy turns of human weal and woe,
since those blest times, my wand'ring steps have whirl'd
through all the strange diversities below!
Yet, tho' ten years have thrice been told, sweet maid!
since last we met, even in thy dying hour,
to the chill grave, where I beheld thee laid,
how oft has mem'ry flown, and own'd thy power?
paid thee the tribute of a heart-sprung tear,
in climes remote, yet hop'd thy *spirit* near.



ON LEAVING A FAVOURITE RESIDENCE.

— Farewell! and with thee too adieu,
 joys left as soon as tasted! They are gone,
 even like some pleasant dream by hasty dawn
 scar'd from the lover's pillow: fast they flew,
 and long will they be absent. I meanwhile,
 sooth'd by the memory of the white-arm'd maid,
 with whom among thy moonlight scenes I stray'd,
 with melancholy minstrelsy beguile
 the lonely hour. But me whate'er betide,
 whether on life's tempestuous ocean tost,
 hopeless I view the still-retiring coast,
 or my young bark propitious *Tritons* guide
 through smiling seas; on her may prosperous Fate
 with it's long train of changeless raptures, wait!

“Annual Anthology.”

ON THE PROSPECT OF VALCHIUSA.

FROM THE ITALIAN OF PETRARCH.

Thou lonely vale! where in the fleeting years
 of tender youth I breath'd my am'rous pain;
 thou brook, whose silver stream receiv'd my tears,
 thy murmurs joining to my sorrowing strain;
 I come, to visit all my former haunts again.
 O green clad hills, familiar to my sight!
 O well known paths! where oft I wont to rove,
 musing the tender accents of my love;
 long use and sad remembrance now invite,
 again to view the scenes which once could give delight.
 Yes, you are still the same; to me alone
 your charms decay; for she, who to these eyes
 gave nature beauty, now for ever gone,
 deep in the silent grave a mouldering victim lies!

“Essay on the Life and Character of Petrarch.”

SONNET.

FROM PETRARCH. BY MRS. C. SMITH.

Oh ! place me where the burning noon
 forbids the wither'd flow'r to blow ;
 or place me in the frigid zone,
 on mountains of eternal snow :
 let me pursue the steps of Fame,
 or Poverty's more tranquil road ;
 let youth's warm tide my veins inflame,
 or sixty winters chill my blood :
 tho' my fond soul to heav'n were flown,
 or tho' on earth 't is doom'd to pine,
 prisoner or free, obscure or known,
 my heart, oh Laura ! still is thine.
 Whate'er my destiny may be,
 that faithful heart still burns for thee !

SONNET.

FROM LUPERCIO.

Content with what I am, the sounding names
 of glory tempt not me ; nor is there aught
 in glittering grandeur that provokes one wish
 beyond my peaceful state. What tho' I boast
 no trapping that the multitude adores
 in common with the great ; enough for me
 that naked, like the mighty of the earth,
 I came into the world, and that like them
 I must descend into the grave, the house
 for all appointed ; for the space between,
 what more of happiness have I to seek
 than that dear woman's love, whose truth I know,
 and whose fond heart is satisfied with me ?

" Drake's Literary Hours."

THE ADIEU:

O thou! whose powers alone inspire
the anxious wish, the pleasing view,
the pensive hope, and bland desire,
receive Amanda's fond adieu!

And, ah! when all that's gay shall fade,
when Fancy's ebullitions flee,
let then this thought thy soul pervade,
that one still only lives for thee.

When all that gilds thy present peace,
shall prove but visions light as air;
then think there's one can never cease,
to make thee still her tenderest care.

In all thy wanderings, may no blight
of Folly shade thy evening days,
nor ever damp that cheering light
which brightened under Wisdom's rays.
And when, perchance, a wish may rise,
thy ancient friendship to renew,
love still, tho' life within me dies,
shall greet thee with a last adieu!



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 1807.

ELEGIES.

MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL.



J. Thurston del.

J. Leagle sc.

"Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
and fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing;
't is like the stream, &c. page 5.

*Published Nov. 30, 1807, by George Nicholson,
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NO. 1111
ANNEXED

ELEGIES.

MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL.

AD AMICOS.

(Imitated from Tibullus, Book iii, Elegy 5. and Mr. Pope's Letter in Sickness to Mr. Steele.)

BY RICHARD WEST, ESQ.

Yes, happy youths! on Cadmus' sedgy side
 you feel each joy that friendship can divide,
 each realm of science and of art explore,
 and with the ancient blend the modern lore;
 studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
 to raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
 now pleas'd along the cloister'd walks you rove,
 and trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
 where social oft and oft alone ye choose
 to catch the zephyr, and to court the muse;
 meantime at me (while all devoid of art
 these lines give back the image of my heart)
 at me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
 or aims or seems to aim, the dart of fate;
 from you remote methinks alone I stand,
 like some sad exile in a desert land,
 around no friends their lenient care to join
 in mutual warmth, and mix their heart with mine.
 Or real pains, or those which fancy raise,
 for ever blot the sunshine of my days;

to sickness still, and still to grief, a prey
health turns from me her rosy face away.

Just heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,
devotes my head untimely to the tomb?
did ere this hand against a brother's life
drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous knife?
did e'er this tongue the sland'rer's tale proclaim,
or madly violate my maker's name?
did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
or know a thought but all the world might know?
As yet just started from the lists of time
my growing years have scarcely told their prime;
useless as yet through life I've idly run,
no pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah! who ere autumn's mellowing suns appear
would pluck the promise of the vernal year,
or ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray?
stern pow'r of fate! whose ebon sceptre rules
the stygian deserts and cimmerician pools,
forbear, nor rashly smite my youthful heart,
a victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
ah! stay till age shall blast my with'ring face,
shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
then aim the shaft, then meditate the blow,
and to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is man to reason's judging eye!
born in this moment, in the next we die;
part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise;
pain is our lot, and patience is our praise:
wealth, lineage, honours, conquest, or a throne,
are what the wise would fear to call their own.



Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
 and fair-fac'd youth † is ever on the wing :
 't is like the stream aside, whose wat'ry bed
 some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head,
 nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
 shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies ;
 the waves the while beneath in secret flow,
 and undermine the hollow bank below ;
 wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
 bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey :
 too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
 and sinks untimely in the whelming tide.

But why repine? does life deserve my sigh?
 few will lament my loss whene'er I die.

For those the wretches * I despise or hate,
 I neither envy nor regard their fate.

For me, whene'er all-conq'ring death shall spread
 his wings around my unrepining head,

I care not † : tho' this face be seen no more,

the world will pass as cheerful as before,

bright as before the day-star will appear,

the fields as verdant, and the skies as clear ;

nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,

nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air ;

unknown and silent will depart my breath,

nor nature e'er take notice of my death:

Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)

† Youth, at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age ; it is like the stream that nourishes a plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret." *Pope.*

* I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men whom I never had any esteem for are likely to enjoy this world after me." *Pope.*

† The morning after my exit the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green; people will laugh, &c." *Pope.*

within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise:
 lov'd in my life, lamented in my end,
 their praise would crown me as their precepts mend:
 to them may these fond lines my name endear,
 not from the poet, but the friend sincere ‡.

‡ This epistle was written from Christ-church, Oxford, July 4. 1737, in the 21st year of his age.

SOME ACCOUNT OF

R. WEST.

Few and melancholy are the incidents which compose the brief life of West. They have appeared in Mason's Memoirs of Gray. Richard West was born in 1716. His father, Richard West, esq. was Lord Chancellor of Ireland, during the two last years of the reign of George 1. His mother was the daughter of the celebrated Bishop Burnet. He was educated at Eton School, where he became acquainted with Gray. A similarity of taste and pursuits induced a friendship of uncommon ardour and sincerity. He removed from Eton to Christ-church college, Oxford, in 1734. Gray left that place about that time for Cambridge. They both of them bore the reputation of excellent scholars. In this manner they were prevented from further association, but they commenced a correspondence which continued with little intermission for the space of eight years. The specimens of this correspondence, as given by Mason, are characterized by an elegant simplicity, derived from the study of the best classical models. Our correspondents were about the same age, had a relish for the same studies, and their minds were susceptible of a similar warmth of friendship. "Next

to seeing you," says West to Gray, in his letter dated Nov. 14, 1785, "is the pleasure of seeing your handwriting; next to hearing you, is the pleasure of hearing from you. Really and sincerely, I wonder at you that you thought it not worth while to answer my last letter. I hope this will have better success in behalf of your quondam schoolfellow; in behalf of one who has walked hand in hand with you, like the two children in the wood.

Through many a flowery path and shelly grot,
where learning lull'd us in her private maze.

May 24, 1736, "As yet," he writes to Gray, "I have not looked into Sir Isaac, public disputations I hate; mathematics I reverence; history, morality, and natural philosophy, have the greatest charms in my eye; but who can forget poetry?" In December following, he writes, "I have sent you an elegy of Tibullus translated. Tibullus, you must know, is my favourite elegiac poet; for his language is more elegant, and his thoughts more natural than Ovid's. Ovid excels him only in wit, of which no poet had more, in my opinion. The reason I choose so melancholy a kind of poesy, is because my low spirits and constant ill health (things in me not imaginary, as you surmise, but too real, alas! and I fear constitutional) have turned my heart to elegies of woe." Mr. Mason has not given this version to the public.

In 1737, he addressed to Gray, and his friends at Cambridge, the foregoing beautiful elegiac epistle, *Ad Amicos*. "This melancholy elegy and letter," says he, "I turned into a more melancholy epistle of my own, during my sickness, in the way of imitation; and this I send to you and my friends at Cambridge, not to divert them, for it cannot; but merely to shew



them how sincere I was when sick." In spring 1738, he left Christ-church, for the Inner-temple, and Gray removed from Cambridge to London, the latter end of that year, intending also to apply himself to the study of the law in the same society. June 5, 1740, he writes thus to his friend. "I lived at the Temple till I was sick of it. I have just left it; and I find myself as much a lawyer as I was when I was in it. It is certain, at least, I may study the law here as well as I could there. My being in chambers did not signify to me a pinch of snuff. They tell me, my father was a lawyer, and, as you know, eminent in the profession; and such a circumstance must be of advantage to me. My uncle [Burnett] too makes some figure in Westminster-hall; and there's another advantage: then my grandfather's name would get me many friends. Is it not strange that a young fellow, who might enter the world with so many advantages will not know his own interest?" &c. &c. This letter is written in much agitation of mind, which he endeavours to conceal by an unusual carelessness of manner. Gray returned the following manly and sensible letter. "You are yet young, have some advantages and opportunities, and an undoubted capacity; which you have never yet put to the trial. Set apart a few hours; see how the first year will agree with you, and at the end of it you are still the master; if you change your mind, you will only have got the knowledge of a little somewhat that can do no hurt, or give you cause of repentance. If your inclination be not fixed upon any thing else, it is a symptom that you are not absolutely determined against this, and warns you not to mistake mere indolence for inability." In the September following,



Gray returned to England, and found West sinking under the pressure of sickness, and a load of family misfortunes. These the sympathising heart of Gray made his own. He did all in his power, for he was now with him in London, to soothe the sorrows of his friend; he endeavoured to alleviate him by every office of the purest and most cordial affection. But the distresses of West's mind had already too far affected a body, originally weak and delicate. His health declined much during the winter, and as the spring advanced, his complaints terminated in a deep consumption.

In March 1743, he left London, for the benefit of the country air, at the residence of David Mitchel, esq. of Pope, near Hatfield, Herts. Tho' West's health declined daily, yet he continued to amuse himself with poetic composition; and, on May the 5th addressed to his friend, the beautiful "Ode to May." [See Gray's Poems.] His last letter to Gray is dated May 11, in which he says, "What are there no joys among the living? *Alphene immemor, atque unanimis false sodalibus,*" and concludes with "I will take my leave of you for the present; with a *vale et vive paulisper cum vivis.*" Little was this amiable youth aware of the short time that he himself would be numbered among the living. A consumption, it has often been remarked, is the most flattering of all indispositions. "And let humanity," says Mr. Mason, "be thankful that Heaven divests those victims of the lingering expectation of their dissolution, which is one of the sharpest stings of death." Gray returned an answer, May the 27th, and soon after his ode to Spring, but West had died before it reached him; namely, on the first of June, 1742. He was buried in the chancel of Hatfield church, un-



der a stone upon which is inscribed, "Here lieth the body of Richard West, esq., only son to the Right Honourable Richard West, esq., Lord chancellor of Ireland, who died the first of June 1742, in the 26th year of his age." When the melancholy news reached Gray, the first impulse of his sorrow produced the following tender sonnet.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
and redd'ning Phœbus lifts his golden fire :
the birds in vain their am'rous descant join ;
or cheerful fields resume their green attire :
these ears, alas ! for other notes repine,
a different object do these eyes require :
my lonely anguish melts no heart but mine ;
and in my breast th' imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
and new-born pleasure brings to happier men :
the fields to all their wonted tribute bear :
to warm their little loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him, that cannot hear,
and weep the more because I weep in vain.

The entire collection of West's poetry consists of the epistle *Ad Amicos*, *Ode to May*, and some specimens of Latin poetry. The first is characterized by that nervous and eloquent simplicity which appears easy, yet is difficult to imitate. It unites the spirit and propriety of Pope's versification, with the elegance and harmony of Parnell. The *Ode to May* is an extraordinary effort of imagination, expression, and versification.

ON REVISITING THE SCENES OF EARLY LIFE.

BY JOSEPH FAWCETT, ESQ.

Heu! serò revocatur juvena. *Tibull.*

Hail, loveliest scene these eyes have e'er survey'd!
 where my gay childhood innocently grew;
 where oft my feet with truant pastime play'd,
 and my warm youth life's freshest pleasures knew!
 Roll back, ye hasty suns, and bring again
 those days of gold, then stand for ever still!
 ere through my frame had pierc'd the shaft of pain;
 ere my warm spirits care had learn'd to chill.
 Delightful Hope! gay laughing prophetess!
 the flattering painter of futurity!
 that told'st me I should feel unmingled bliss;
 come, tell me o'er again the charming lie!
 repeat that tale I heard of days to come;
 all rich with bright impossibilities!
 walks always smooth, and flowers of lasting bloom,
 and thornless roses, and unclouded skies!
 Wild wanton promiser! that told'st this breast,
 this trusting breast, it ne'er should taste of pain;
 by smiling fates with boundless love carest!
 the charming lie, come, tell me o'er again!
 Return that health which bloom'd without my care;
 came uninvok'd, and, tho' neglected, staid:
 which ask'd nor lenient herb, nor fount, nor air,
 condemn'd all danger, and despis'd all aid.
 Again, my bosom glow as then it glow'd;
 when round I look'd, and felt that all was fair!
 when high on rapture's eagle-wing I rode;
 tower'd to the sun, and spurn'd the clouds of care!
 Those slumbers sound again my senses bind,



that made but one sweet instant all my night;
that heard nor barking cur, nor howling wind,
nor Time's deep, solemn toll proclaim his flight.
And, oh! the fervours, Heav'n, renew, that ran
through my young nerves, (sensation all divine!)
ere broke that golden dream which show'd me man,
not fairer in his form, than pure within.

Ere yet Surprise had made her fearful start,
as hell-born Villainy first meets the view!
that smoothest smiles oft mask a frowning heart,
ere yet my blissful inexperience knew.

Give me again in all men to confide;
again suspicion from my breast be driv'n;
still would I view my kind with gen'rous pride,
and deem the word of man the word of heav'n.

And take once more your turn, ecstatic days!
when life's vast curtain rose, and bless'd my view!
lo! the gay plumes, the spangles, and the blaze!
all wondrous bright, enchanting all, and new!

Move my still breast, sweet Novelty, again!
again with wild delight my passions dance!
return the bounding heart, the fever'd brain,
return the years of transport and romance!

But, chief, that sweet surprise restore me, Fate,
young Fancy felt in Academia's hall;
the muse of Rome and Greece as first she met,
and each quick passion own'd her mighty call!

On the bright plains when Fear first bent her gaze,
where, back'd by Gods, immortal heroes strove!
at dead of night, view'd Ilium's funeral blaze,
and shook, with heav'n, beneath the nod of Jove!

When first young Pity wept with Hector's wife,
as her fall'n hero to her sight appears;
saw Ajax' sword ease it's griev'd lord of life;

and swell'd the flood of exil'd Ovid's tears;
and trac'd that flagging jav'lin's languid flight,
an old man's trembling anger faintly threw;
mock'd by the foe, who, in a father's sight,
the flying son, with barb'rous fury, slew!
saw him, o'er scepter'd subjects that had reign'd,
of all vast Asia that had worn the crown,
an headless corse, unburied on the sand,
by no one honour'd, and to no one known!
And shar'd his sigh, who, in the myrtle grove,
the unforgiving fair obscurely knew;
from him (too late return'd) who fled her love,
cold, in her turn, the scornful shadow flew:
tho' woo'd with tears, the phantom shot away,
nor injur'd beauty's stately silence broke;
heedless of all, he now would idly say,
t' excuse the sails that her kind shore forsook.
And give me, Nature, once again to prove,
those dear, delirious, agitated days,
when woke within me first the throb of love,
and radiant beauty dazzled first my gaze!
Soft idle hours! when Reason sat retir'd,
and Fancy o'er me all her influence threw!
when, save what Laura's changeful eyes inspir'd,
no hopes I cherish'd and no fears I knew!
Resume, blest Lunacy, thy pleasing sway!
return the wild delight, the pensive sigh,
the airy sonnet, and the plaintive lay,
the moonlight walk, and sweetly sleepless eye!
Enchanted grounds! o'er which I vacant stray'd
in bowers of fragrance where I careless sat,
while more than earthly music round me play'd,
to a sad outcast ope again your gate!
Ah! swift-wing'd joys! for ever, ever, flown!

ah, fruitless revocation, fond and vain!
 adieu, blest days, that must but once be known!
 farewell, delights, I may not taste again!
 Come, Virtue, when all other joys retreat,
 still constant found! and, smiling Friendship, come!
 and beauteous Truth! now gaudier beams have set,
 gild, with your mild and lunar rays, my gloom.

By Permission, from "Poems," 8vo.

A MOTHER TO HER SLEEPING CHILD.

BY W. SOTHEY, ESQ.

Ah, happy child! when hanging o'er thy sleep
 a mother fondly bends, watching the while
 upon thy glowing cheek the dimpled smile
 soft playing, as the breeze that fans the deep
 in the mild summer noon: oh! may this sigh
 that will have way, not rudely smite thine ear!
 nor dropping on thy placid brow this tear
 wake thee! at sight of grief, thou knowest not why,
 poor babe! thy sympathizing tear might flow.
 Sleep on, nor taste before thy time, the woe
 that racks me, fearful of thy future doom.
 How bright thy dawn of life! ah, may thy eve
 set thus unclouded by misfortune's gloom!
 sleep then in peace. nor hear the sigh I heave.

THE LAST OF THE FAMILY.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

James.

What, Gregory! you are come I see to join us on this sad business.

Gregory. Aye, James, I am come, but with a heavy heart, God knows it, man! Where shall we meet the corpse?

James. Some hour from hence; by noon, and near about the elms, I take it. This is not as it should be, Gregory, old men to follow young ones to the grave! This morning when I heard the bell strike out, I thought that I had never heard it toll so dismally before.

Gregory. Well, well! my friend, 't is what we all must come to, soon or late. But when a young man dies i' th' prime of life, one born so well, who might have blest us all many long years!—

James. And then the family extinguish'd in him, and the good old name only to be remember'd on a tomb-stone! a name that has gone down from sire to son so many generations! Many a time poor Master Edward, who is now a corpse, when but a child, would come to me and lead me to the great family tree, and beg of me to tell him stories of his ancestors, of Eustace, he that went to th' holy land with Richard Lion-heart, and that Sir Henry who fought at Crecy in King Edward's wars;

and then his little eyes would kindle so to hear of their brave deeds! I used to think the bravest of them all would not out-do my darling boy.

Gregory. This comes of your great schools and college breeding. Plague upon his guardians that would have made him wiser than his fathers!

James. If his poor father, Gregory, had but lived, things would not have been so. He, poor good man, had little of book-learning, but there lived not a kinder, nobler-hearted gentleman, one better to his tenants. When he died there was not a dry eye for miles around. Gregory, I thought that I could never know a sadder day than that: but what was that, compared with this day's sorrow?

Gregory. I remember eight months ago when the young Squire began to alter the old mansion, they destroy'd the martins' nests that had stood undisturb'd under that roof, aye! long before my memory. I shook my head at seeing it, and thought no good could follow.

James. Poor young man! I loved him like my own child. I loved the family! come candlemas, and I have been their servant for five and forty years. I lived with them when his good father brought my Lady home; and when the young Squire was born, it did me good to hear the bells so merrily announce an heir. This is indeed a heavy blow; I feel it, Gregory, heavier than the weight of threescore years. He was a noble lad, I loved him dearly.

Gregory. Every body loved him, such a fine, generous, open-hearted youth! When he came home from school at holydays, how I rejoiced to see him! ah James! but he was sadly changed when he came down to keep his birth-day.

James. Changed! why Gregory, 't was like a palsy to me, when he stepp'd out of the carriage. He was grown so weak, his cheek so thinly sallow, and his eyes had such a dim and rakish hollowness; and when he came to shake me by the hand and spoke as kindly to me as he used, I hardly knew the voice.

Gregory. It struck a damp on all our merriment. 'Twas a noble ox that smoak'd before us, and the old October went merrily in overflowing cans; but 't was a skin-deep merriment. My heart seem'd as it took no share. And when we drank his health, the thought came over me what cause we had for wishing that, and spoilt the draught. Poor Gentleman! to think ten months ago he came of age—and now!

James. I fear'd it then, he look'd to me as one that was not long for this world's business.

Gregory. When the Doctor sent him abroad to try the air, it made me certain that all was over. There's but little hope methinks that foreign parts can help a man when his own mother-country will not do. The last time he came down, these bells rung so I thought they would have rock'd th' old steeple down;

and now that dismal toll ! I would have staid
beyond its reach, but this was a last duty,
I am an old tenant of the family,
born on th' estate, and now that I've out-lived it,—
why 't is but right to see it to the grave.
Have you heard aught of the new Squire?

James.

But little,

and that not well. But be he what he may
matters not much to me. The love I bore
to the good family will not eas'ly fix
upon a stranger. What's on the opposite hill?
is it not the funeral?

Gregory.

'T is I think, some horsemen.
Aye ! there are the black cloaks ; and now I see
the white plumes on the herse.

James.

Between the trees ;

't is hid behind them now.

Gregory.

Aye ! now we see it,
and there's the coaches following ; we shall meet
about the bridge. Would that this day were over !
I wonder whose turn's next !

James.

God above knows !

when youth is summon'd what must age expect !
God make us ready Gregory ! when it comes.

From the " Annual Anthology,"
by Permission.

MOONLIGHT.

How soothing sweet, methinks, it is to walk
 by moonlight, when the still delicious calm
 sheds o'er the love-lorn soul a grateful balm,
 and woos the woe to peace ! O then I talk,
 rapt in myself, as slow I pace along,
 of hopeless Love, and weep upon my wounds,
 soft as the hollow gale's expiring sounds,
 soft as the veiled virgin's evening song,
 soft as mild Melancholy's noiseless tread.

Thus breathing many a plaint and many a sigh,
 I gaze the moon with fondly-fixed eye,
 musing on many a lovely vision fled
 hopeless and sad, till down I sink to rest,
 by sorrow, silence, solitude, oppress'd.

From the same.

THE POOR MARINER.

O God ! have mercy in this dreadful hour
 on the poor mariner ! in comfort here
 safe sheltered as I am, I almost fear
 the blast that rages with resistless power.

What were it now to toss upon the waves,
 the maddened waves, and know no succour near,
 the howling of the storm alone to hear
 and the wild sea that to the tempest raves ;
 to gaze amid the horrors of the night
 and only see the billow's gleaming light ;
 amid the dread of death to think of her
 who as she listens sleepless to the gale
 puts up a silent prayer and waxes pale ?

O God have mercy on the mariner !

From the same.



TO A LOCK OF HAIR.

Relic of her whom most of all I love,
why ever thus my bitterest grief renew?
why when a secret joy my soul would prove,
must grateful memory sicken at thy view?
yet thou and I, dear relic! will not part,
for I will ever wear thee next my heart.

How oft revert my thoughts to that past day,
when gazing on the charms of her I loved,
with eager hand I bore my spoil away,
as o'er her neck the auburn ringlets roved;
in memory of that day we will not part,
for I will ever wear thee next my heart.

How fondly have I gazed on thee, when woe
has waked the throbbing tumult in my breast;
and loath were I thy presence to forego,
tho' that loved presence robb'd me of my rest.
No, dear memento, no, we will not part,
for I will ever wear thee next my heart.

Past are those hours of unembitter'd mirth,
when pleasure hasten'd at the close of day,
to where the circle round the wintry hearth
met cheerfully to talk dull time away.
Alas! I thought not then so soon to part,
pleasure had fill'd too full my dreaming heart.

And dare I prize thee, when another's fame
in me repos'd, reproaches every glance?
and dare I prize thee, when the secret flame
that preys upon my reason, may perchance
blaze into madness?—sure we ought to part!
thou feedest the raging fire that wastes my heart.

Yet when old age shall blunt the sting of care,
 when stoic wisdom shall have steel'd my breast,
 when cold indifference shall annul despair,
 and mellow sorrow to reflective rest,
 yet even in death we will not know to part,
 for in the grave I'll wear thee next my heart.

From the same.

THE WEDDING.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

Traveller. I pray you wherefore are the village bells ringing so merrily?

Woman. A wedding, sir;
 two of the village folk. And they are right
 to make a merry time on 't while they may.
 Come twelve-months hence, I warrant them they'd go
 to church again more willingly than now
 so all might be undone.

Trav. An ill-match'd pair
 so I conceive you. Youth, perhaps, and age?

Woman. No, both are young enough.

Trav. Perhaps the man then—
 a lazy idler, one who better likes
 the alehouse than his work?

Woman. Why, sir, for that
 he always was a well-conditioned lad,
 one who 'd work hard and well; and as for drink,
 save now and then, mayhap, at Christmas time,
 sober as wife could wish.

Trav. Then is the girl
 a shrew, or else untidy? One who 'd welcome
 her husband with a rude unruly tongue,
 or drive him from a foul and wretched home

to look elsewhere for comfort. Is it so?

Woman. She's notable enough, and as for temper the best good-humour'd girl! d'ye see that house? there by the aspin tree, whose grey leaves shine in the wind? She lived a servant at the farm, and often as I came to weeding here, I've heard her singing, as she milk'd her cows, so cheerfully. I did not like to hear her, because it made me think upon the days when I had got as little on my mind, and was as cheerful too. But she would marry, and folks must reap as they have sown. God help her!

Trav. Why, Mistress, if they both are well inclin'd, why should not both be happy?

Woman. They've no money.

Trav. But both can work; and sure as cheerfully she'd labour for herself as at the farm.

And he wo' n't work the worse because he knows that she will make his fire-side ready for him, and watch for his return.

Woman. All very well,
A little while.

Trav. And what if they be poor? riches can't always purchase happiness, and much we know will be expected there where much was given.

Woman. All this I've heard at church! and when I walk i' th' church-yard, or have been by a death bed, 't is mighty comforting. But when I hear my children cry for hunger and see them shiver in their rags, God help me! I pity those for whom these bells ring up so merrily upon their wedding day, because I think of mine.

Trav. You have known trouble,
these haply may be happier.

Woman. Why for that
I've had my share; some sickness and some sorrow,
well will it be for them to know no worse.
Yet had I rather hear a daughter's knell
than her wedding peal, sir, if I thought her fate
promised no better things.

Trav. Sure, sure, good woman,
you look upon the world with jaundiced eyes!
All have their cares; those who are poor want wealth,
those who have wealth want more, so are we all
dissatisfied, yet all live on, and each
has his own comforts.

Woman. Sir! d'ye see that horse
turn'd out to common here by the way side?
He's high in bone, you may tell every rib
even at this distance. Heed him! how he turns
his head, to drive away the flies that feed
on his gall'd shoulder! there's just grass enough
to disappoint his whetted appetite.
You see his *comforts*, sir!

Trav. A wretched beast!
hard labour, and worse usage, he endures
from some bad master. But the lot o' th' poor
is not like his.

Woman. In truth it is not, sir!
for when the horse lies down at night, no cares
about to-morrow vex him in his dreams;
he knows no quarter-day, and when he gets
some musty hay or patch of hedge-row grass,
he has no hungry children to claim part
of his half meal!

Trav. 'T is idleness makes want,

and idle habits. If the man will go and spend his evenings by the ale-house fire, whom can he blame if there be want at home?

Wom. Aye! idleness! the rich folks never fail to find some reason why the poor deserve their miseries! is it idleness, I pray you, that brings the fever or the ague fit? that makes the sick one's sickly appetite turn at the dry bread and potatoe meal? Is it idleness that makes small wages fail for growing wants? six years ago, these bells rung on my wedding day, and I was told what I might look for,—but I did not heed good counsel. I had lived in service, sir; knew never what it was to want a meal; laid down without one thought to keep me sleepless or trouble me in sleep; had for a Sunday my linen gown, and when the pedlar came could a gay ribbon buy:—and my husband, a towardly young man and well to do, he had his silver buckles and his watch, there was not in the village one who look'd sprucer on holydays. We married, sir, and we had children, but as wants increas'd wages did not. The silver buckles went, so went the watch, and when the holyday coat was worn to work, no new one in it's place.* For me—you see my rags! but I deserve them,

* A farmer once told the Author of Malvern Hills, “that he almost constantly remarked a gradation of changes in those men he had been in the habit of employing. Young men, he said, were generally neat in their appearance, active and cheerful, till they became married and had a family, when he had observed that their silver bottoms, buckles and watches gradually disappeared, and their Sunday's Clothes became common without any other to supply their place,—but said he, *some good comes from this, for they will then work for whatever they can get.* Note to Cottle's Malvern Hills.

for wilfully, like this new-married pair,
I went to my undoing.

Trav. But the parish—

Wom. Aye, it falls heavy there, & yet their pittance
just serves to keep life in. A blessed prospect,
to slave while there is strength, in age the workhouse,
a parish shell at last, and the little bell
toll'd hastily for a pauper's funeral!

Trav. Is this your child?

Wom. Aye, sir, and were he drest
and clean, he 'd be as fine a boy to look on
as the 'squire's young master. These thin rags of his
let comfortably in the summer wind;
but when the winter comes, it pinches me
to see the little wretch! I've three besides,
and, God forgive me! but I often wish
to see them in their coffins—God reward you!
God bless you for this charity!

Trav. You have taught me
to give sad meaning to the village bells!

From the same.



A REFLECTION,

FROM MIMNERMUS.

Ah me! alike o'er youth and age I sigh;
impending age, and youth which hastens by.
Swift as a thought the flying moments roll,
swift as a racer speeds to reach the goal.
How rich, how happy the contented guest
who leaves the banquet soon, and sinks to rest!



WRITTEN ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

BY JOSEPH FAWCETT.

Eheu, fugaces, Posthume, Posthume,
Labuntur anni. *Horace.*

Ye gladsome bells, how misapplied your peal!
a day, like this, requires a solemn chime:
infatuate mortals! why, with sportive heel,
dance ye exulting o'er the grave of Time?

Is he your foe, that thus ye ring his knell?
that festive notes announce his awful flight?
tire ye of day, that sounds of triumph tell,
how swift the wing that wafts your last, long night?

While circling years o'er thoughtless myriads roll,
long folly but to lend, and length of shame,
ye metal tongues, swing slow with mournful toll,
virtue's departed seasons to proclaim!

Sons of Delay! whose duties, yet undone,
await, from year to year, your hand in vain,
drown, drown that brazen music with a groan!
the years ye lost shall ne'er be your's again!



WRITTEN AT AN INN,

on Edge-hill.

ATTRIBUTED TO MR. SHENSTONE.

Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
where'er his various tour has been,
may sigh to think how oft he found
his warmest welcome at an inn.



THE COMMON LOT.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
there liv'd a man; and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
that man resembles thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
the land in which he died unknown;
his name has perish'd from the earth;
this truth survives alone:

that joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
alternate triumph'd in his breast;
his bliss and woe,—a smile, a tear;
oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
the changing spirits rise and fall;
we know that these were felt by him,
for these are felt by all.

He suffer'd; but his pangs are o'er:
enjoy'd; but his delights are fled:
had friends; his friends are now no more:
and foes; his foes are dead.

He lov'd; but whom he lov'd, the grave
hath lost in it's unconscious womb:
O! she was fair! but nought could save
her beauty from the tomb.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
ere-while his portion, life, and light,
to him exist in vain.



He saw whatever thou hast seen,
 encounter'd all that troubles thee;
 he was—whatever thou hast been;
 he is—what thou shalt be.

The clouds and sun-beams, o'er his eye,
 that once their shades and glory threw,
 have left, in yonder silent sky,
 no vestage where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
 their ruins, since the world began,
 of him afford no other trace

than this,—THERE LIV'D A MAN!

“From Sorrows of Switzerland, and other Poems.”



LINES LEFT UPON A SEAT IN A YEW-TREE,

WHICH STANDS NEAR THE LAKE OF ESTHWAITE,
 upon a desolate part of the shore, yet commanding
 a beautiful prospect.

BY W. WORDSWORTH, ESQ.

Nay, Traveller! rest. This lonely Yew-tree stands
 far from all human dwelling: what if here
 no sparkling rivulet spread the verdant herb?
 what if these barren boughs the bee not loves?
 yet, if the wind breathe soft, the curling waves,
 that break against the shore, shall lull thy mind
 by one soft impulse saved from vacancy.

—————Who he was
 that piled these stones, and with the mossy sod
 first covered o'er, and taught this aged Tree
 with it's dark arms to form a circling bower,

I well remember. He was one who owned
no common soul. In youth, by science nursed,
and led by nature into wildering scenes
of lofty hopes, he to the world went forth
a favoured being, knowing no desire
which genius did not hallow, 'gainst the taint
of dissolute tongues, and jealousy, and hate
and scorn, against all enemies prepared,
all but neglect. The world, for so it thought,
owed him no service: wherefore he at once
with indignation turned himself away,
and with the food of pride sustained his soul
in solitude. Stranger! these gloomy boughs
had charms for him; and here he loved to sit,
his only visitants a straggling sheep,
the stone-chat, or the glancing sand-piper;
and on these barren rocks, with juniper,
and heath, and thistle, thinly sprinkled o'er,
fixing his down-cast eye, he many an hour
a morbid pleasure nourished, tracing here
an emblem of his own unfruitful life:
and lifting up his head, he then would gaze
on the more distant scene,—how lovely 'tis
thou seest,—and he would gaze till it became
far lovelier, and his heart could not sustain
the beauty still more beauteous. Nor, that time,
when Nature had subdued him to herself,
would he forget those beings, to whose minds,
warm from the labours of benevolence,
the world, and man himself, appeared a scene
of kindred loveliness: then he would sigh
with mournful joy, to think that others felt
what he must never feel: and so, lost Man!
on visionary views would fancy feed,

till his eye streamed with tears. In this deep vale
he died,—this seat his only monument.

If Thou be one whose heart the holy forms
of young imagination have kept pure,
stranger! henceforth be warned; and know, that pride,
howe'er disguised in it's own majesty,
is littleness; that he who feels contempt
for any living thing hath faculties
which he has never used; that thought with him
is in it's infancy. The man whose eye
is ever on himself doth look on one,
the least of Nature's works, one who might move
the wise man to that scorn which wisdom holds
unlawful, ever. O be wiser, Thou!
instructed that true knowledge leads to love,
true dignity abides with him alone
who, in the silent hour of inward thought,
can still suspect, and still revere himself,
in lowliness of heart.

From Lyrical Ballads, vol. 1.

by permission.

WE ARE SEVEN.

BY THE SAME.

A simple child, dear brother Jim,
that lightly draws it's breath,
and feels it's life in every limb,
what should it know of death?

I met a little cottage Girl:
her age was eight, she said;
her hair was thick with many a curl
and clustered round her head.

She had a rustic, woodland air,
and she was wildly clad;
her eyes were fair, and very fair;
her beauty made me glad.

“Sisters and brothers, little Maid,
how many may you be?”

“How many? Seven in all,” she said,
and wondering looked at me.

“And where are they? I pray you tell.”
She answered, “Seven are we;
and two of us at Conway dwell,
and two are gone to sea.

Two of us in the church-yard lie,
my sister and my brother;
and in the church-yard cottage I
dwell near them with my mother.”

“You say that two at Conway dwell,
and two are gone to sea,
yet you are seven; I pray you tell,
sweet Maid, how this may be?”

Then did the little Maid reply;
“Seven boys and girls are we;
two of us in the church-yard lie,
beneath the church-yard tree.”

“You run about, my little Maid,
your limbs they are alive;
if two are in the church-yard laid,
then ye are only five.”

“Their graves are green, they may be seen,”
the little Maid replied,

“Twelve steps or more from mother’s door,
and they are side by side.

My stockings there I often knit,
my kerchief there I hem;
and there upon the ground I sit—
I sit and sing to them.

And often after sun-set, sir,
when it is light and fair,
I take my little porringer,
and eat my supper there.

The first that died was little Jane;
in bed she moaning lay,
till God released her of her pain;
and then she went away.

So in the church-yard she was laid;
and all the summer dry,
together round her grave we play'd,
my brother John and I;

and when the ground was white with snow,
and I could run and slide,
my brother John was forced to go,
and he lies by her side."

"How many are you then," said I,
"if they two be in Heaven?"
the little Maiden did reply,
"O Master! we are seven."

"But they are dead: those two are dead!
their spirits are in Heaven!"

'T was throwing words away: for still
the little Maid would have her will,
and said, "Nay, we are seven!"

From the same.

LUCY GRAY.

BY THE SAME.

Oft I had heard of Lucy Gray:
and, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
the solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew;
she dwelt on a wide moor,
the sweetest thing that ever grew
beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
the hare upon the green;
but the sweet face of Lucy Gray
will never more be seen.

“To-night will be a stormy night,
you to the town must go;
and take a lantern, child, to light
your mother through the snow.”

“That, Father, will I gladly do;
'tis scarcely afternoon;
the minster-clock has just struck two,
and yonder is the moon.”

At this the Father raised his hook
and snapped a faggot-band;
he plied his work, and Lucy took
the lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe:
with many a wanton stroke
her feet disperse the powdery snow,
which rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
she wandered up and down ;
and many a hill did Lucy climb,
but never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
went shouting far and wide ;
but there was neither sound nor sight
to serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
that overlooked the moor ;
and thence they saw the bridge of wood,
a furlong from their door.

And now they homeward turned, and cried,
“in Heaven we all shall meet !”
when in the snow the mother spied
the print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downward from the steep hill’s edge
they tracked the footmarks small ;
and through the broken hawthorn-hedge,
and by the long stone-wall :

and then an open field they crossed :
the marks were still the same ;
they tracked them on, nor ever lost ;
and to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
the footmarks, one by one,
into the middle of the plank ;
and further there was none.

Yet some maintain that to this day
she is a living child ;
that you may see sweet Lucy Gray
upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
and never looks behind;
and sings a solitary song
that whistles in the wind.

From the same.

ON THE BLIND ASYLUM,

LIVERPOOL.

BY W. SMYTH, ESQ.

Stranger, pause ; for thee the day
smiling pours it's cheerful ray,
spreads the lawn, and rears the bower,
lights the stream, and paints the flower.

Stranger pause ; with softened mind,
learn the sorrows of the Blind ;
earth and seas, and varying skies,
visit not their cheerless eyes.

Nor for them the bliss to trace
the chissel's animating grace ;
nor on the glowing canvas find
the poet's soul, the sage's mind.

Not for them the heart is seen,
speaking through th' expressive mien ;
not for them are pictur'd there
friendship, pity, love sincere.

Helpless as they slowly stray,
childhood points their cheerless way ;
or the wand exploring guides
faltering steps, where fear presides.

Yet for them has genius kind
humble pleasures here assigned ;

here with unexpected ray,
reach'd the soul which felt no day.

Lonely blindness here can meet
kindred woes, and converse sweet;
torpid once can learn to smile
proudly o'er its useful toil.

He, who deign'd for man to die,
op'd on day the darken'd eye;
humbly copy, thou canst feel;
give thine alms, thou canst not heal.

THE VAGRANT.

Here mark the wretch, whose wand'rings never knew
the world's regard, which soothes, tho' half untrue,
whose erring heart the lash of sorrow bore,
but found not pity when it err'd no more.
Yon friendless man, at whose dejected eye
th' unfeeling proud one looks—and passes by;
condemn'd on Penury's barren path to roam,
scorn'd by the world, and left without a home;
ev'n he, at evening, should he chance to stray
down by the hamlet's hawthorn-scented way,
where, round the cot's romantic glade, are seen
the blossom'd bean-field, and the sloping green,
leans o'er its humble gate, and thinks the while,
“ Oh ! that for me some home like this would smile,
some hamlet shade, to shield my sickly form;
health in the breeze, and shelter in the storm;
there should my hand no stinted boon assign
to wretched hearts with sorrows such as mine.

Campbell's “Pleasures of Hope.”

FAREWELL TO HOPE.

BY THE REV. J. DUNCOMBE, M. A.

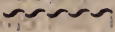
Hope, sweetest child of fancy born,
tho' transient as the dew of morn,
thou who canst charm, with sound and light,
the deafen'd ear, and darken'd sight,
and in dry deserts glad the swains
with bubbling springs, and cultur'd plains;
no more invent thy airy schemes,
nor mock me with fantastic dreams;
no more thy flattering stories tell,
deceitful prattler, Hope, farewell!

Adieu the pleasing prospect, plann'd
by Fancy's fair delusive hand!
no more that momentary ray,
which gilds by fits a showery day,
shall shew me, in a distant grove,
health, friendship, peace, content and love;
while many a nymph, and many a youth,
by Hymen join'd, and crown'd by truth,
on verdant hillocks danc'd and play'd,
or warbled in the hawthorn shade.

No more, with sweet endearing talk,
shalt thou beguile my vernal walk;
no more, as through the wint'ry vale,
we journey on, with many a tale
of fancied pleasure, cheer the day,
and strew with flowers the rugged way,
still pointing to that rural cell
where Innocence and Stella dwell;
charm with the bubbling of a rill,
that gushes from the neighbouring hill.

O let me now in silence rove
through yon sequester'd cypress grove,
where, crown'd with leaves of baleful yew,
and circled by a stygian crew,
(when from the ivy-mantled tower,
the cock proclaims the midnight hour)
pale melancholy takes her round,
and o'er the mould'ring, hallow'd ground
where lovers lie, desponding stands,
and, dumb with pity, wrings her hands.

While thus, with gloomy thought oppress,
heart-piercing sorrow heav'd my breast,
a heavenly form swift gliding by,
with healing comfort in her eye,
a look of winning softness cast,
and thus address'd me as she past:
"Mortal, be wise! and, even in death,
let hope receive thy parting breath!
securely trust my guardian care,
and, led by Reason, shun Despair."



THE DAWN OF MY PEACE.

BY LAURA SOPHIA TEMPLE.

My youthful hours are almost pass'd,
but not one joy has grac'd them;
I weep to think they fly so fast,
and yet I strangely waste them.

The sport of ev'ry vain desire,
of bubbles quite unmeaning!
form'd virtue deeply to admire,
but yet to weakness leaning.



How have I fritter'd life away
in wild and idle dreaming!
how is my fancy prone to stray
in paths with falsehood teeming!
Fair Hope, that syren! young and gay
my heart was wont to cherish;
but if she win again the sway,
that instant may I perish.
And friendship too has sweetly sung,
lulling my soul to gladness,
and yet that soul has sorely wrung,
leaving it nought but sadness.
Love, too has dash'd my bloom of years
with many a cup of sorrow;
a wanderer through this vale of tears,
I've hail'd the grave's dark morrow;
yes, I have long'd for that deep rest,
the sabbath of the weary,
for to my sad dejected breast
all was o'ercast and dreary.
The rosy smile of waking light
awak'd me not to pleasure,
but with the thick descending night
return'd my grief's full measure.
But what avails it to be sad?
the Fates may yet befriend me,
and if my lot should still be bad,
Patience her garb shall lend me;
and Reason, too, with brow austere,
shall curb the throb of feeling,
while gentle Peace, companion dear!
shall on me pour her healing.

Monthly Magazine.

LINES WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF

in the Poem of the

"PLEASURES OF MEMORY."

Pleasures of Memory ! ah supremely blest !
and justly proud, beyond a poet's praise,
if the pure confines of thy tranquil breast
contain indeed the subject of thy lays.

By me how envied ! for to me,
the herald still of misery,
Memory makes her influence known
by sighs, and tears, and grief, alone ;
I greet her as the fiend to whom belong
the vulture's ravening beak, the raven's funeral song.

Alone, at midnight's haunted hour,
when nature woes repose in vain,
Remembrance wakes the penal power,
the tyrant of the burning brain ;
she tells of time mispent, of comforts lost,
of fair occasions, gone for ever by ;
of hopes too fondly nurs'd, too rudely cross'd,
of many a cause to wish, yet fear to die.

For what, except th' instinctive fear
lest she survive, detains me here,
when all the life of life is fled ?

What but the deep inherent dread
lest she beyond the grave secure her reign
and realize the hell which priests and beldams feign.

THE BLIND BEGGAR.

BY DR. WOLCOT.

Welcome, thou Man of Sorrows, to my door!
 a willing balm thy wounded heart shall find;
 and, lo! thy guiding Dog my cares implore:
 O haste, and shelter from th' unfeeling wind!

Alas! shall Mis'ry seek my cot with sighs,
 and humbly sue for piteous alms my ear;
 yet disappointed go with lifted eyes,
 and on my threshold leave th' upbraiding tear?

Thou bowest for the pity I bestow:
 bend not to me, because I mourn distress;
 I am *thy* debtor—much to *thee* I owe;
 for learn—the greatest blessing is to *bless*.

Thy hoary locks, and wan and pallid cheek,
 and quiv'ring lip, to fancy seem to say;
 “A more than *common* Beggar we bespeak;
 a form that once has known a happier day.”

Thy sightless orbs, and venerable beard,
 and press'd, by weight of years, thy palsy'd head,
 tho' silent, speak with tongues that *must* be heard,
 nay, must *command*, if Virtue be not dead.

Thy shatter'd, yet thine awe-inspiring form,
 shall give the village-lads the soften'd soul,
 to aid the victims of Life's frequent storm,
 and smooth the surges that around them roll;
 teach them that Poverty may Merit shroud;
 and teach, that Virtue may from Misery spring;
 flame like the lightning from the frowning cloud,
 that spreads on Nature's smile it's raven wing.

O let *me* own the heart which pants to *bless*;
which nobly scorns to hide the useless store;
but looks around for objects of distress,
and triumphs in a sorrow for the poor!

When Heaven on man is pleas'd it's wealth to show'r,
ah, what an envied bliss doth Heaven bestow!
to raise pale Merit in her hopeless hour,
and lead Despondence from the tomb of Woe!

Lo! not the *little birds* shall chirp in vain,
and, hovering round me, vainly court my care;
while I possess the life-preserving grain,
welcome, ye chirping tribe, to peck your share.

How can I hear your songs at Spring's return,
and hear while Summer spreads her golden store;
yet, when the gloom of Winter bids ye mourn,
heed not the plaintive voice that *charm'd* before!

Since Fortune, to my cottage not unkind,
strews with *some* flow'rs the road of life for *me*,
ah! can humanity desert my mind?
shall I not soften the rude flint for thee?

Then welcome, Beggar, from the rains and snow,
and warring elements, to warmth and peace;
nay, thy companion, too, shall comfort know,
who shiv'ring shakes away the icy fleece.

And, lo! he lays him by the fire, elate;
now on his Master turns his gladden'd eyes;
leaps up to greet him on their change of fate,
licks his lov'd hand, and then beneath him lies.

A hut is mine, amid a shelt'ring grove:
a Hermit there, exalt to Heav'n thy praise;
there shall the village children shew their love,
and hear from thee the tales of other days.

There shall our feather'd friend, the bird of morn,
charm thee with orisons to opening day;
and there the red-breast, on the leafless thorn,
at eve shall sooth thee with a simple lay.

When Fate shall call thee from a world of woe,
thy friends around shall watch thy closing eyes;
with tears, behold thy gentle spirit go,
and wish to join it's passage to the skies.

From "Pindarina."

TO MY OWN MINIATURE PICTURE,

Taken at two years of Age.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY, ESQ.

And was I once like this? That glowing cheek
was mine; those pleasure-sparkling eyes; that brow,
smooth as the level lake, when not a breeze
dies o'er the sleeping surface! Twenty years
have wrought strange alteration! of the friends
who onceso dearly priz'd this miniature,
and lov'd it for it's likeness, some are gone
to their last home; and some, estrang'd in heart,
beholding me with quick averted glance,
pass on the other side; but still these hues
remain unaltered, and these features wear
the look of infancy and innocence.

I search myself in vain, and find no trace
of what I was: those lightly arching lines,
dark and o'erhanging now; and that mild face
settled in these strong lineaments!

FOR A GARDEN SEAT AT HOME.

BY THE REV. W. S. BOWLES.

Oh no ! I would not leave thee, my sweet home,
deck'd with the mantling woodbine and the rose
and slender woods that the still scene inclose,
for yon magnificent and ample dome *
that glitters in my sight: yet I can praise
thee, Arundel, who, shuning the throng'd ways
of glittering vice, silently dost dispense
the blessings of retir'd munificence.

Me a sequester'd cottage, on the verge
of thy outstretch'd domain, delights; and here
I wind my walks, and sometimes drop a tear
o'er Laura's urn, scarce wishing to emerge
into the troubled ocean of that life,
where all is turbulence, and toil, and strife.

Calm roll the seasons o'er my shaded niche;
I dip the brush, or touch the tuneful string,
or hear at eve the unscar'd blackbirds sing;
enough if, from their loftier sphere, the rich
deign my abode to visit, and the poor
depart not, cold and hungry, from my door.

* Wardour Castle.

TO EMILIA.

BY R. A. DAVENPORT.

“Sad is thy verse,” you cry; “yet on thy cheek
the rose appears, still tearless are thine eyes;
thy converse gay, thy sorrows truth denies;
all seems thy soul's serenity to speak.”



Mistaken maid ! say, must the heart which bleeds,
obtrusive, tell it's agony aloud,
and ask the pity of the careless crowd ?
believe me, no ; it silently recedes,
and sacred seeks within itself to close
from the world's prying eye, it's cureless woes.
Diffusing fragrance, many a flower unfolds,
fair to the summer sun, it's vivid bloom :
yet in it's bosom the fell canker holds,
which mining, dooms it to untimely gloom.



PAST SCENES.

BY MISS MARTIN.

Blest scenes ! where once my gayest hours were spent ;
when Peace return'd with each returning day ;
and smiling Cheerfulness, and calm Content,
dwelt in my bosom and inspir'd my lay.

Dear scenes ! farewell ! alas these eyes must view,
this aching heart partake, such joy no more ;
torn from my dearest hopes in leaving you,
all my fond dreams of happiness are o'er.

Yet, tho' it's sorrows, tho' it's woes, be great,
the wounded bosom never shall despair,
while Innocence maintains her wonted seat ;
for Innocence is Heaven's peculiar care :
oh may the cherub still inhabit here !
and with her placid voice my drooping spirits cheer !



TO JACKSON, OF EXETER:

BY DR. WOLCOT.

Enchanting Harmonist ! the art is thine,
unmatch'd, to pour the soul-dissolving air,
that seems poor weeping Virtue's hymn divine,
soothing the wounded bosom of Despair !

O say, what Minstrel of the sky hath giv'n
to swell the dirge, so musically lorn ?
declare, hath dove-ey'd Pity left her heav'n,
and lent thy happy hand her lyre to mourn ?

So sad,—thy songs of hopeless hearts complain,
Love, from his Cyprian isle, prepares to fly ;
he hastes to listen to thy tender strain,
and learn from thee to breathe a sweeter sigh.

INVITATION TO A FRIEND.

BY ANNA SEWARD.

Since dark December shrouds the transient day,
and stormy winds are howling in their ire,
why com'st not THOU, who always canst inspire
the soul of cheerfulness, and best array
a sullen hour in smiles ? O ! haste to pay
the cordial visit sullen hours require !
Around the circling walls a glowing fire
shines bright ; but vainly shines in this delay
to blend thy spirit's warm Promethean light.
Come, then, at Science, and at Friendship's call,
their vow'd Disciple ; come, for they invite ;
the social powers without thee languish all.
Come ; that I may not *hear* the winds of night,
nor *count* the heavy eye-drops as they fall !

THE REVERIE.

Lost in calm consciousness and vacant ease,
I love, at this cool hour of eve, to rove,
with sauntering step, along the twilight grove,
or lie reclin'd beneath the whispering trees,
and listen to the sighing of the breeze,
and every sound that floats along the gale!
the sheep-bell, tinkling down the distant vale,
the steeple's chime, and mingling soft with these,
the dashing murmur of th' unquiet flood,
and all the dying music of the wood!
Then, o'er the memory of former days,
or through the future, free and unconfin'd,
placid and gratify'd, fond Fancy strays
and leads through airy haunts the captive mind.

From "Literary Leisure."

TO THE RIVER EMONT, CUMBERLAND.

BY C. LLOYD.

Sweet simple stream! the shallow waves that glide,
in peaceful murmurs, o'er thy stony bed;
sweet simple stream, the gleams of eventide,
that on thy banks their mellowing colours shed,
befit the temper of my restless mind!
for while I hear thy waves, and see the gleam
of latest eve, afar from human kind,
to linger here unknown I fondly dream!
I snatch my flute, and breathe a soften'd lay;
then melting, view it, as an only friend!

and oft I wonder much that while so gay,
and all unthinking others onward bend,
I here should sadly linger, and rejoice,
to hear a lone stream, or the flute's soft voice.

THE FATE OF LAMBS.

Ah, fallen rose! sad emblem of their doom;
frail as thyself, they perish while they bloom!
Tho' unoffending innocence may plead,
tho' frantic ewes may mourn the savage deed,
their shepherd comes, a messenger of blood,
and drives them, bleating, from their sports and food.
Care loads the boy, and pity wrings his heart,
for lo, the murd'ring Butcher with his cart
demands the firstlings of his flock to die,
and makes a sport of life and liberty!
His gay companions Giles beholds no more;
clos'd are their eyes, their fleeces drench'd in gore;
nor can Compassion, with her softest notes,
withhold the knife that plunges through their throats.
Down indignation! hence, ideas foul!
away the shocking image from my soul!

Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy."

A VIEW OF LIFE.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES, A M.

Languid, and sad, and slow, from day to day,
I journey on, yet pensive turn to view.
(where the rich-landscape gleams with softer hue)
the streams, and vales, and hills, that steal away.

So fares it with the children of the earth :
 for when life's goodly prospect opens round,
 their spirits beat to tread that fairy ground,
 where every vale sounds to the pipe of mirth.
 But them vain hope and easy youth beguiles,
 and soon a longing look, like me, they cast
 back on the pleasing prospect of the past :
 yet Fancy points where still far onward smiles
 some sunny spot, and her fair colouring blends,
 till cheerless on their path the night descends.

TO THE POPPY.

BY CHARLOTTE SMITH.

Not for the promise of the labour'd field,
 not for the good which yellow harvests yield,
 I bend at Ceres' shrine ;
 for dull to humid eyes appear,
 the golden glories of the year ;
 alas ! a melancholy worship's mine !
 I hail the Goddess for her scarlet flower !
 thou brilliant weed,
 which dost so far exceed
 the richest gifts gay Flora can bestow ;
 heedless I pass'd thee, in life's morning hour,
 (thou comforter of woe,)
 'till sorrow taught me to confess thy power.

In early days, when Fancy cheats,
 a various wreath I wove ;
 of laughing springs luxuriant sweets,
 to deck ungrateful love :
 the rose, or thorn, my numbers crown'd,

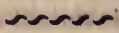
as Venus smil'd, or Venus frown'd;
but Love, and Joy, and all their train, are flown;
e'en languid Hope no more is mine,
and I will sing of thee alone;
unless, perchance, the attributes of grief,
the cypress bud, and willow leaf,
their pale funereal foliage, blend with thine.

Hail, lovely blossom! thou can'st ease
the wretched victims of disease;
can'st close those weary eyes
which never open but to weep;
for, oh! thy potent charm
can agonizing pain disarm;
expel imperious memory from her seat,
and bid the throbbing heart forget to beat.

Soul soothing plant! that can such blessings give,
by thee the mourner bears to live!
by thee the hopeless die!
oh! ever "friendly to despair,"
might Sorrow's palid votary dare,
without a crime, that remedy implore,
which bids the spirit from it's bondage fly,
I'd court thy palliative aid no more;
no more I'd sue, that thou shouldst spread,
thy spell around my aching head,
but would conjure thee to impart,
thy balsam for a broken heart;
and by thy soft lethean power,
(inestimable flower)

burst these terrestrial bonds, and other regions try.

"Desmond," vol. 3.



CHILDHOOD.

BY THE SAME.

Sighing, I see yon little troop at play;
 by sorrow yet untouched; unhurt by care;
 while free and sportive they enjoy to day,
 "content and careless of to morrow's fare!"
 Oh happy age! when Hope's unclouded ray
 lights their green path, & prompts their simple mirth,
 ere yet they feel the thorns which lurking lay,
 to wound the wretched pilgrims of the earth,
 making them rue the hour which gave them birth,
 and threw them on a world so fall of pain,
 where prosperous Folly treads on patient Worth,
 and to deaf Pride, Misfortune pleads in vain!
 Ah! for their future fate how many fears
 oppress my heart, and fill mine eyes with tears!

TO FRIENDSHIP.

BY THE SAME.

O thou, whose name, oft carelessly is profan'd!
 whose charms, celestial, few have hearts to feel;
 unknown to Folly, and by Pride disdain'd;
 to thy soft solace may my sorrows steal:
 like the fair moon, thy mild and genuine ray,
 thro' life's long evening shall unclouded last;
 while Pleasure's frail attachments fleet away,
 as fades the rainbow from the northern blast!
 'T is thine, O Nymph! with "balmy hands to bind,"
 the wounds inflicted in Misfortune's storm,
 and blunt severe afflictions sharpest dart:
 't is thy pure spirit warms my Anna's mind,

beams through the pensive softness of her form,
And holds it's altar—on her spotless heart.

THE FASCINATIONS OF POESY.

BY THE SAME.

Should the lone wanderer, fainting on his way,
rest for a moment of the sultry hours,
and tho' his path thro' thorns and roughness lay,
pluck the wild rose, or woodbine's gadding flow'rs;
weaving gay wreaths, beneath some sheltring tree,
the sense of sorrow he awhile may lose;
so have I sought thy flow'rs, fair Poesy!
so charm'd my way with Friendship and the Muse.
But darker now grows life's unhappy day,
dark with new clouds of evil yet to come.
Her pencil sickening Fancy throws away,
and weary Hope reclines upon the tomb;
and points my wishes to that tranquil shore,
where the pale spectre Care pursues no more.

TO SLEEP.

BY THE SAME.

Come, balmy Sleep! tir'd Nature's soft resort!
on these sad temples all thy poppies shed;
and bid gay dreams, from Morpheus' airy court,
float in light vision round my aching head!
Secure of all thy blessings, partial power!
on his hard bed the peasant throws him down;
and the poor sea-boy, in the rudest hour,
enjoys thee more than he who wears a crown.
Clasp'd in her faithful shepherd's guardian arms,
well may the village-girl sweet slumbers prove:

and they, O gentle sleep! still taste thy charms,
who wake to labour, liberty, and love.
But still thy opiate aid dost thou deny
to calm the anxious breast, to close the streaming eye.

TO TRANQUILLITY.

BY THE SAME.

In this tumultuous sphere, for thee unfit,
how seldom art thou found, Tranquillity!
unless 't is when with mild and downcast eye
by the low cradles thou delight'st to sit
of sleeping infants, watching the soft breath,
and bidding the sweet slumberers easy lie;
or sometimes hanging o'er the bed of death,
where the poor languid sufferer hopes to die.
O beauteous sister of the halcyon peace!
I sure shall find thee in that heavenly scene
where care and anguish shall their power resign;
where hope and vain regret alike shall cease:
and Memory, lost in happiness serene,
repeat no more, "that misery has been mine."

TO DEPENDENCE.

BY THE SAME.

Dependence! heavy, heavy are thy chains,
and happier they who from the dangerous sea,
or the dark mine, procure with ceaseless pains
an hard-earn'd pittance, than who trust to thee!
More blest the hind, who from his bed of flock
starts, when the birds of morn their summon give,
and waken'd by the lark, "the shepherd's clock,"
lives but to labour, labouring but to live.

More noble than the sycophant, whose art
must heap with taudry flowers thy hated shrine;
I envy not the meed thou canst impart
to crown *his* service, while, tho' Pride combine
with Fraud to crush me, my unfetter'd heart
still to the Mountain Nymph may offer mine.

TO TWILIGHT.

BY HELIN MARIA WILLIAMS.

Meek Twilight! haste to shroud the solar ray,
and bring the hour my pensive spirit loves;
when o'er the hill is shed a paler day,
which gives to stillness, and to night, the groves.

Ah! let the gay, the roseate morning hail,
when in the various blooms of light array'd,
she bids fresh beauty live along the vale,
and rapture tremble in the vocal shade:
sweet is the lucid morning's op'ning flow'r,
her choral melodies benignly rise;
yet dearer to my soul the shadowy hour,
at which her blossoms close, her music dies:
for then mild nature, while she droops her head,
wakes the soft tear 't is luxury to shed.

TO HOPE.

BY THE SAME.

O, ever skill'd to wear the form we love,
to bid the shapes of fear and grief depart,
come, gentle Hope! with one gay smile remove
the lasting sadness of an aching heart.
Thy voice, benign Enchantress, let me hear;

say, that for me some pleasure yet shall bloom!
 that, Fancy's radiance, Friendship's precious tear,
 shall soften or dispel misfortune's gloom!
 But come not glowing in the dazzling ray,
 which once, with dear illusion charm'd my eye;
 O strew no more, sweet Flatterer! on my way,
 the flow'rs I fondly thought too bright to die:
 visions less fair will soothe my pensive breast,
 which asks not happiness, but longs for rest.

TO THE MOON.

BY THE SAME.

The glittering colours of the day are fled,
 come melancholy orb that dwell'st with night,
 come, and o'er earth thy wand'ring lustre shed,
 thy deepest shadow and thy softest light.
 For me congenial is the gloomy grove,
 when with faint rays the sloping uplands shine,
 that gloom those pensive rays alike I love,
 whose sadness seems in sympathy with mine.
 But most for this pale orb thy light is dear;
 for this benignant orb I hail thee most,
 that while I pour the unavailing tear
 and mourn that hope to me in youth is lost,
 thy light can visionary thoughts impart,
 and lead the Muse to sooth a suffering heart.

ON MISS——.

In dawn of life she wisely sought her God,
 and the straight path of thorny virtue trod;
 in bloom of beauty humbly turn'd aside.



the incense flatt'ry, offer'd to her pride.
 In others' griefs a tender part she bore,
 and all the needy shar'd her little store.
 Glad to oblige, too gentle to offend,
 belov'd by all, to all the good a friend :
 the bad she censur'd by her life alone,
 blind to their faults, severe upon her own.
 At distance view'd the world with awful dread,
 and oft to books and solitude for safety fled ;
 there sought that peace which Heaven alone can give,
 and learn'd to die, ere others learn to live.



THE WALK.

Along the pebbly shore I love to stray,
 and pore upon the waves with stedfast eye ;
 or watch the varying tints of parting day,
 which shine reflected from the western sky ;
 and then the distant landscape I descry,
 and white sails glittering in the dazzling ray ;
 till flitting shadows veil the scenery,
 till all the fair perspective fades away :
 then long I linger on some rocky seat,
 to listen to the surges as they roll
 in murmuring undulations at my feet ;
 and oft I sigh for him who won my soul,
 and shed the tear to musing Fancy sweet,
 a sigh, a tear, I wish not to controul.

N. S. S. L.



THE PEASANT BOY.

BY THE SAME.

How sweet the slumber of yon peasant boy,
 who on the shady bank at peace reclines,
 to rest a moment from his rude employ,
 while the meridian sun thus fiercely shines!
 softly his wearied spirit he resigns
 to balmy sleep, which no harsh cares destroy;
 his life is toilsome, but he never pines
 for better fortune, or tumultuous joy:
 thrice happy! when the maiden he loves best
 at eve will listen to his tender sighs;
 thrice happy! when her image is impress'd
 on the light dream which floats before his eyes.
 Ah peasant boy, I envy thee such rest
 as from my troubled heart for ever flies!



FORMER HAPPIER DAYS.

BY THE REV. W. L. BOWLES. A. M.

Written on landing at Ostend, and hearing, very early in the
 morning, the carillons.

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
 as when at op'ning morn the fragrant breeze
 breathes on the trembling sense of wan disease!
 so piercing to my heart their force I feel.
 And, hark! with less'ning cadence now they fall;
 and now, along the white and level tide
 they fling their melancholy music wide,
 bidding me many a tender thought recall

of summer days, and those delightful years
 when by my native streams, in life's fair prime
 the mournful magic of their mingling chime
 first wak'd my won'dring childhood into tears !
 but seeming now (when all those days are o'er),
 the sounds of joy, once heard,—but heard no more !

WRITTEN

AFTER HAVING SEEN A LOVELY BUT
 MISERABLE GIRL.

BY MISS A. M. PORTER.

Slight was her form, and graceful ; as she pass'd,
 mine eye espied her, and with quick surprise,
 recoil'd ; for the few garments which she wore,
 waver'd in the piercing wind, and scarcely cloth'd
 the beauties which they sullied. O'er her neck
 (sicklied with primrose tint) her jetty locks
 fell rich but rudely, while her mournful eyes,
 beam'd through a watery lustre. She was form'd
 in Nature's kindness ; and tho' the rose
 no longer melted in her cheek, nor blushed
 with deepen'd brilliance on her lip, yet still
 unnumber'd graces deck'd her, and look'd forth
 at every feature ; through her rags there shone
 the wreck of better days. " Alas ! said I,
 (while my tears fell, and my looks follow'd her)
 poor loveliness ! these charms which now attract
 passing attention, once, perchance have graced
 the social hearth, and o'er domestic joys
 cast a pure splendour : haply, o'er thy face
 an aged sire hath hung, and weakly deem'd
 that Heaven had given thee beauty to be great :



and some fond, timid lover, thrilling shrunk
from thine eye's virtuous radiance, thinking still,
himself too poor, to be thy virtue's meed.
That beauty thus hath sunk thee, thus hath driv'n
peace, health, and innocence away, and left
the temple of thy God, (thy spotless soul)
to be a brothel-house, for want and vice.

E'en while my tears drop o'er th' expressive pain
which thy soft eyes are shooting, my chill'd heart
shrinks from the wanton step, the asking mein.
O, would to God! that thou wert once again
such as thou wert, while yet a stainless child!
tho' it should be thy fate to beg thy bread,
and steep the hard-earn'd bit in bitter tears;
tho' a poor wretched outcast, thou should'st still
hunger all day, and then at night repose
cold on some lonely common; tho' no tongue
should ever on thine ear, or aching heart,
pour the warm tide of pity; still, O still,
it would be better far to wander thus
than to remain the slave of selfish vice,
the victim of the passions. Ah! thy reign
hath been but brief; thy wond'rous beauty's power
hath fail'd, perchance, because thy heart retain'd
strong memory of it's virtue, and too oft
cast clouds o'er thy spent spirits, and denied
the power, to deck with mirth each riot scene."



TO HOPE.

BY — FLOWERDEW.

Descend, sweet Hope, thou soothing Pow'r!
 from whom the wretched find,
 in ev'ry dark afflictive hour,
 some solace to the mind.

What, tho' thy brightest prospects bring
 at best a doubtful joy;
 and oft, alas! Time's hasty wing
 the opening buds destroy;
 yet, blest Companion of my life,
 and balm for ev'ry ill;
 tho' vain and furtive are thy joys,
 be mine th' illusion still.

Thy pow'r alone supports the mind,
 through ev'ry gloomy way;
 still pointing to the gentle calm
 which ends the troubled day.

What tho' affliction's storm be long,
 yet with this life 't will cease;
 time soon will bring me to the tomb,
 where I shall rest in peace.

But from the grave, which soon will close
 around my mould'ring clay,
 my kind Conductress leads me on
 to realms of endless day!



THE SUICIDE.

BY WILLIAM SOTHEBY, ESQ.

Sad daughter of distress! who in the bloom
 of beauty, bowed with misery and woe,



in the dark grave art laid untimely low,
rest! life's bleak storm is past. Tho' by the doom
of ruthless man, beneath unholy ground
thy corse, amid the beaten pathway cast,
lies where the wild birch quivers in the blast;
yet soft descending, through the stony mound,
the dew of Heaven shall bathe thy clay cold breast;
yet shall thy sufferings, scorned on earth, atone
where mercy dwells on high, for life's sad close;
and pity musing oft at eve alone
on the green sod where grief and pain repose,
shall soothe with hymns of peace thy soul to rest.



A REFLECTION ON TIME.

BY GEORGE KEATE, ESQ.

———— Yet a while
a transient space, time's friendly hand shall guide
each sufferer to his rest, and all our cares
shall melt to nothing, like the morning dew.



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